

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'The Nativity': sixteenth-century panel of an altar-piece, probably from the studio of Gregorio Lopes: in the exhibition of Portuguese art now on view at the Royal Academy, London

Christmas 1955

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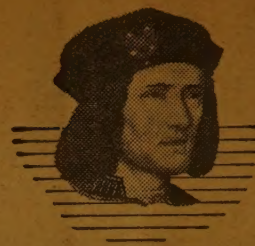
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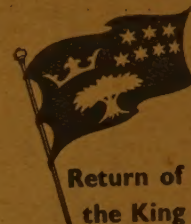


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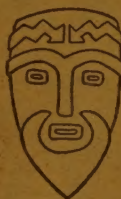
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The Listener

Vol. LIV. No. 1399

Thursday December 22 1955

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Christian Faith and Eternal Hope

By EMIL BRUNNER

HOPE is one of the basic words of everyone's vocabulary. No one can live without hope. What is hope? It is anticipation of the future: by hope man lives in the future. This belongs to the human character of life. Hope, however, is only one of the modes of anticipating the future: there is also fear, anxiety, prevision, and planning. We ask, what is the basis of hope, of a generally hopeful outlook with regard to the future? The answer which modern man mostly gives is the idea of universal progress.

Life as a whole is considered to be in a general movement from lower to a higher level. All too few are conscious of the fact that this idea is a comparatively new one. It is only about 200 years ago that man first spoke of universal progress. It is, characteristically enough, in the time of Enlightenment that this concept, which since has become so widely accepted and so tremendously influential, was formed. It is based on the observation of the perfectibility of human reason. Because man knows more and more, and because he is capable of applying this knowledge, life must become better and better. It is particularly upon science as the method of acquiring knowledge, and upon technology as the method of applying it to the solution of practical problems, that this idea of progress is based. However, in the nineteenth century Darwin's theory of evolution seemed to support and to enlarge this optimistic evaluation of progress, so as to see it in cosmic perspectives. Human progress seemed to be a mere specification of

a general law of the cosmic process in time, evolution meaning a process in which higher and higher forms of life are produced, leading up to man as the highest, who in his turn continues this universal process by developing his specific nature, reason, and thereby progressing from lower to higher levels in the course of the centuries.

Although this idea of progress had a success for which the word 'triumph' is hardly an exaggeration, there were voices of weight who warned against it and were not willing to accept this new doctrine which was not known to earlier times, neither to classical antiquity nor to early Christianity nor to the Middle Ages, and which up to now is foreign to the cultures of Asia. But their arguments were not heard. The idea of progress had become an axiomatic belief which needed no proof nor could be disproved. The belief in progress had become a pseudo-religious creed, which to negate was a kind of blasphemy and a sign of malice. Optimism based on progress was the religion of those who had ceased to believe in God.

While the arguments of the opponents were unable to shake this optimistic progressivism, it was history itself which shook it to its very foundations: the two world wars with their destruction; the totalitarian revolutions with their unheard of cruelties; and third, the discovery of the means of using atomic energy, the construction of the atomic bomb, perfected in the hydrogen bomb, exploded this wide-spread belief and ended the 200 years' history

of this idea. While in Europe the very word 'progress' has almost disappeared, America still has a ghost of progressivist optimism hovering round, because America has not had the experience of a world war or of totalitarian regimes. But it is merely a question of years that this religion of progress will disappear in America as well as in Europe. But, this hope gone, what hope remains?

The Idea of Progress

At this point we have to remind ourselves of a fact of spiritual history which has not been mentioned so far. The idea of progress, while it is not a Christian idea, could not have come into existence but for Christianity. The progress idea is a rationalised and secularised transformation of the Christian hope. It was by Christianity that mankind was taught to hope, to look into the future for the realisation of the true meaning of life. The peoples of Asia, the peoples of the pre-Christian world, had never looked into the future for the meaning of life. These religions are a-historical in the double sense: they are not based on a historical revelation, they do not expect an end of history as its goal.

The Christian faith is based on the past fact of the full and final revelation, which at the same time is the fact of redemption through the Cross of Christ. This indeed is for the Christian the turning-point dividing history into two parts, B.C., A.D., the fact on which every believer stands. This is the decisive change in the situation of mankind and of every individual, the victory of God's Kingdom. But this victory has a strange form: the Messiah hanging on a cross as a condemned rebel. It looks like a defeat, a tragedy, rather than a victory. But faith understands this paradoxical language of God. It is because man is such as he is that Christ is the suffering servant. It is because God's love is love in spite of us that it has to take this form. The Christian faith identifies us with that crucified rebel before we can be identified with the risen Lord in his glory. This faith is the origin of hope. Christ, the crucified one, is the Son of God, therefore the form of a servant is not his real manifestation. The glory of God is manifest to the believer in the Cross, but he knows that the glory of God must be manifested in another non-paradoxical, direct way. The servant of God must appear as the king-Messiah. Therefore the Christ is not only the object of our faith as the Crucified. He is also the object of our hope as the Lord of Glory. The Christian hope is Christ and our future in him.

Personal and Universal Hope

If I am not wrong, there was at Evanston*, behind the opposition against eschatology, a form of belief which has more likeness with the nineteenth-century idea of progress than with Christian hope. Christians may hope that there will be no other world war, that there will be more justice and brotherliness in the future; certainly we must work towards such an end with all our energy. But, whilst we may hope such things, they are not the Christian hope, for the one reason that they cannot be derived from faith in Christ and therefore have no certainty. The hope of the Christian is both personal and universal. The New Testament uses the two terms: eternal life, and the Kingdom of God. The love of God is at the same time the most personal and the most universal will. God loves me in Christ, God loves the world in Christ. To believe in God through Christ is the most personal act, but to enter into communion with God means also to enter into the world-enterprise of God, his world-plan. The love of God which we receive by faith gives us a world outlook. By having joined the people of God the Christian becomes a part of God's whole world-plan. He is not merely concerned about his own salvation, but about the world's salvation.

Let us first speak about the personal aspect, eternal life. The New Testament does not speak of immortality of the soul; immortality is an attribute of God alone, not of the soul. Eternal life has its origin not in the indestructible substance of the soul, but in God's gift and act of resurrection. He gives—we do not have—

immortality, eternal life; and this eternal life is personal, not impersonal, just as the whole revelation in Christ is personal. Christian faith does not hope for unity, but communion. Communion presupposes personal existence. The God who speaks to us personally in love will not cease speaking to us in love eternally. The One who has revealed Himself supremely in person will not let us submerge into an impersonal eternity.

Is this certain? There are many, even among Christians, who are completely agnostic with regard to eternal life. They say: About this we cannot know anything. The New Testament speaks another language. St. Paul explicitly says: We know. We know that nothing, not even death, can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ. We cannot, of course, prove this, any more than we can prove the love of God. The certainty of eternal life has no other basis than the certainty of the love of God. But one thing we can prove: without eternal life, life itself has no meaning. It is particularly the certain expectation of death which infringes upon all hope. We fear death as annihilation of everything. But nobody is quite certain that there is nothing after death and this uncertainty creates anxiety. We, as far as we are concerned, are in anxiety in the face of death, but Christ, in whom we believe, overcomes this anxiety. Heidegger has made clear that human life in itself is a life unto death. So far as his analysis goes this cannot be seriously challenged, but the Christian by faith knows of something else. In Christ eternal love is revealed to him, and in this love his existence is included as eternal life.

A Future Made by God

Many people, trained in the doctrine of progress, have the idea that it is only by this belief that man can become really active, particularly socially active. This is disproved by history. No one before the eighteenth century believed in progress: it would, however, be hard to maintain that all of them were lacking in social activity. By believing in progress man really believes in himself as the one by whom the future will be made. The future for which the Christian hopes is not made by man, but entirely by God. But man is called by Christ to share in his work, to become a co-worker with him for the Kingdom of God, and this call is sufficient to activate man's whole energy.

This brings us to the social and universal aspect of the Christian hope. God's purpose is not only to save, to redeem the individual person. God's plan is a world plan, the perfection of his whole creation in his eternal kingdom. God loves the world. He who has revealed himself in history does not abandon mankind. Therefore the promise in Christ, the goal which is open to us by faith as the content of hope, is world redemption, world salvation. Eternal life is merely the personal aspect of this greater, the greatest possible, hope, the perfection of history in eternity. We cannot imagine what that means. Our imagination is too limited by time and space to figure out what this end of history beyond the limits of time and space will be. This limitation of our imagination, however, has nothing to do with uncertainty. We know that it will be the realisation of God's world plan, his plan of creation, transcending the created world. It is both the most personal and the most universal reign of God's love. We know this by our faith in what God has done in Christ. This knowledge about the future is based on a fact—a fact, however, the significance of which only faith knows. For those who do not believe in this fact, this hope may be a great illusion. For those who do believe in it, it is the good news of the coming Kingdom of God.—*Home Service*

[This is the fourth talk in the series 'The Christian Hope and Physical Evil'. The last talk in the series, by Dr. J. S. Whale, will be published next week.]

The latest number of *The British Museum Quarterly* (Vol. XX, 2) contains among other things an article on 'Pilgrim Signs and Thomas Earl of Lancaster', by Hugh Tait. The signs were hung round the neck of pilgrims, and the Museum has recently acquired a sign representing St. Thomas à Becket, probably dating from the reign of Edward I.

What Lay Behind the Argentine Revolution

The first of two talks by GEORGE PENDLE

IT is remarkable, I think, that the inhabitants of a country so young and undeveloped as Argentina should possess a character so distinctive that wherever you may meet an Argentine, if you know something of the other Latin Americans, you will unfailingly recognise his nationality. Nor is this distinctiveness of recent origin. Someone once said that 'history does not repeat itself, but geography *does*', and it is doubtless true that geographical circumstances were largely responsible for the early formation of the Argentine character and for the persistence of its main features from decade to decade, although the country has been swamped by wave after wave of immigrants of many diverse races. Argentina is a remote, a lonely, and—even today—an empty country. The Argentines are conscious of being isolated from the centres of power of the modern world. Because of their position on the margin of our civilisation, the Argentines have generally been reluctant to become involved in the northern hemisphere's international movements and organisations, while at the same time being inclined to assert themselves rather arrogantly, as though to prove to themselves and to the rest of the world that they already are a great nation.

The nature of the Argentine land—and of life upon it—strengthened the people's self-reliance. The pampa—which, since the last years of Spanish domination, has been the heart of the country and the chief source of its wealth—is a vast and empty plain. Before the advance of town-made law and Italian-worked agriculture, the pampa was the domain of lawless, uncultured gaucho horsemen. In the opinion of the nineteenth-century Argentine author, educator and liberal statesman, Sarmiento, the hard life of the gaucho was a decisive factor in the creation of the national character. Sarmiento wrote, as long ago as 1845:

The habit of triumphing over resistance, of constantly showing a superiority to Nature, of defying and subduing her, prodigiously develops the consciousness of individual consequence and superior prowess. The Argentine people of every class, civilised and ignorant alike, have a high opinion of their national importance. All the other people of South America hold this vanity of theirs against them and take offence at their presumption and arrogance. I believe the charge not to be wholly unfounded, but I do not object to the trait . . . To what extent may not the independence of that part of America be attributed to the arrogance of these Argentine gauchos, who have never seen anything beneath the sun superior to themselves in

the central authority at Buenos Aires followed their local *caudillo* chieftains. The *caudillos* were rough horsemen with a gift for leadership, able to inspire loyalty, having little respect for human life, and none for the law. Later, when the gauchos were tamed and were employed as peons on the cattle ranches, their spirit survived: *caudillismo* entered

the politics of the cities. The new urban ruler might wear a smart military uniform or a frock-coat instead of the gaucho's crude woollen poncho, but he remained a *caudillo* at heart and won the people's allegiance for that reason. Today the Argentines even in the great city of Buenos Aires will give their support to a glamorous personality rather than to a political programme.

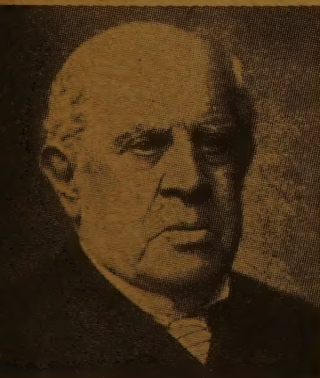
Sarmiento, in his determination to bring western civilisation to Argentina, waged a relentless war against the gauchos. For the campaign which ended in the overthrow of the *caudillo* Rosas, in 1852, he dressed himself in a European uniform. Afterwards he explained: '[My] saddle, spurs, polished sword, buttoned coat, gloves, French képi and overcoat, everything was a protest against the *gauchesco* spirit. . . . This seems like a small thing, but it was a part of my campaign against Rosas and the *caudillos*'. Nevertheless, when Sarmiento became President of the Republic, although his aim was to introduce government by law he frequently governed by decree, so as to bypass parliamentary criticism. He thought nothing of using his dictatorial powers of 'intervention' to overcome provincial opposition. And in 1869 he unconstitutionally declared martial law in the Province of San Juan as a preventive measure. In fact even Sarmiento, in spite of his democratic intentions, belonged, like his enemy Rosas thirty years earlier and Juan Perón in our own day, to the true line of Argentina's 'personalist' presidents.

The Argentine character is reflected in the people's appearance and manner, which is different from those of their neighbours, the Uruguayans and the Chileans. I was fascinated to come across Maria Graham's description of the Argentine hero General San Martín and to recognise that she might as well have been describing General Perón. Mrs. Graham—the author of *Little Arthur's History of England*—met San Martín at Valparaíso, Chile, in 1822, when he went to have tea with her at the house where she was staying. He was

A very tall, fine-looking man . . . San Martín's eye is dark and fine, but restless; it never seemed to fix for above a moment, but that moment expressed everything. His countenance is decidedly handsome, sparkling and intelligent, but *not open*. His manner of speaking quick, but often obscure, with a few tricks and by-words; but a great



Argentine gaucho



Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1888); educator, statesman, and President of the Argentine Republic (1868-1874), who considered the hard life of the gaucho a decisive factor in the creation of the national character

wisdom or in power? The European is in their eyes the most contemptible of all men, for a horse gets the better of him in a couple of plunges.

The Argentine land—with its herds of wild cattle and its wild horses—produced the gaucho; and it is largely to the gaucho that the Argentines owe their national habit of, and their preference for, personal rule. The gauchos during the provincial wars and in their resistance to



General José de San Martín (1778-1850)

flow of language, and a readiness to talk on all subjects. . . . We spoke of government; and there I think his ideas are far from being either clear or decisive. . . . The wish to enjoy the reputation of a liberator and the will to be a tyrant are strongly contrasted in his discourse. . . . The interruption even of tea, stopped San Martín but for a short time. Resuming the discourse, he talked of physics, of language, of climate, of diseases, and that not delicately; and lastly of antiquities, especially those of Peru. . . . He had only brought with him [from Lima], he said, the flag of Pizarro, the banner under which the empire of the Incas had been conquered. . . . 'Its possession', said he, 'has always been considered the mark of power and authority; I HAVE IT NOW'; and he drew himself up to his full height, and looked around him with a most imperial air. . . . It was the only moment in which he was himself.

There are few points in which that description of the early nineteenth-century Argentine *caudillo* could not be applied to Perón.

San Martín's Campaign

San Martín had settled in 1814 at the small provincial town of Mendoza where he spent nearly two and a half years preparing an army which he then led in his celebrated crossing of the Andes to liberate the Pacific Coast countries of Chile and Peru from Spanish rule. The campaign lasted from 1817 to 1822. It is not clear whether San Martín dreamed of heading a federation which would have included Argentina, Chile, and Peru; but at least he nourished in the Argentines the feeling that they had a continental mission. That feeling still survives today, and it animated Perón, who said that just as San Martín had liberated southern South America politically, so was it the destiny of the *Peronistas* to bring economic freedom to the whole region. There were certain misgivings in the neighbouring countries concerning Perón's continental ambitions; but during his rule pacts of so-called 'economic union' were signed with Argentina by the republics of Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Ecuador. Thus, in a certain degree, Argentina's old sense of having a mission beyond her borders was rejuvenated, while her desire to demonstrate her national importance was gratified.

It is to be noted that San Martín planned his assault on the Spaniards, not at Buenos Aires but in the provinces at Mendoza. Rivalry between the provinces and the capital is another of the recurring themes of Argentine history. Until the last decades of Spanish domination, a monopoly of trade was held by the old colonial cities in the foothills of the Andes, while Buenos Aires remained a poor and neglected village on the far-away Atlantic side of the continent. The Andean cities of Argentina, with their splendid churches and monasteries, were founded by Spaniards who travelled south-eastwards from the mining districts in the high altitudes of Peru. Mules, bred on the pastures of Salta in western Argentina, were driven up into the arid mountains, where they were valuable as being the only means of transport. Handicrafts, such as weaving, flourished, for example, in Santiago del Estero.

On Madrid's instructions, such commerce as existed between Spain and Buenos Aires was routed, not by the direct method—by sea, across the south Atlantic—but by mule-train from Lima, over the Andes, through the Andean cities, and then by mule or lumbering ox-cart across the wide waste-land of the pampa. This absurdly roundabout and costly system—which brought much profit to the merchants of Lima and the western cities—caused great resentment at Buenos Aires.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the regulations were relaxed; and with the emancipation from Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the port of Buenos Aires was of course opened to the shipping of the world. Thereupon the roles of Buenos Aires and the western cities were reversed. These Andean cities declined into poverty. It was the turn of the provinces to feel resentment; but this was in fact a perpetuation of the old rivalry. As Buenos Aires rose in prosperity and power, the provinces—which were in the hands of local gaucho *caudillos*—increasingly resisted the great city's efforts to bring them under its rule. Civil war started in earnest in 1820; and the conflict between the so-called Unitarians of Buenos Aires and the Federalists of the interior continued for many years. In 1853 the Federalists even established a capital of their own at the small riverside town of Paraná; and so, for a while, Argentina contained two separate States. In 1861 the Federalists were defeated in battle, and the country was—nominally—united. But armed resistance to the rule of Buenos Aires did not cease until the eighteen-seventies. Thereafter, however, there still existed two kinds of life in Argentina: the life of the prosperous *porteños* of Buenos Aires, and that of the countrymen of the underdeveloped interior. In Buenos Aires the *porteños* dressed like the English and imported literature from France. The countrymen wore uncured cowhide on their feet, ate beef without bread and without vegetables, and drank their

'Paraguay tea' from an unadorned gourd. Thus developed the *porteño* feeling of superiority in relation to the rest of the republic; the conviction—which is still strong today—that Argentina exists for Buenos Aires, and that everyone outside the bounds of the capital is of a lower order.

This great divergence between the two parts of the country was accentuated by the construction of the British railways, which spread fanwise from Buenos Aires over the pampa and as far as the old Andean cities. The railways did not so much serve to develop the economy of the provinces as enable their produce to be conveyed by the shortest route to the capital, for shipment to Europe. Buenos Aires continued to grow in wealth and size and power; and the disequilibrium between the capital and the interior was aggravated.

The traditional rivalry between the provinces and Buenos Aires broke out again in a violent and unexpected manner in September 1955, when General Lonardi directed his revolution against the central authority from the old Catholic city of Córdoba. For nearly twelve months President Perón had been harassing the Roman Catholic Church, which he accused of meddling in politics with the intention of undermining his regime. This anti-Catholic campaign aroused particular antagonism in the provinces, where the people are more old-fashioned and more personally under the influence of the clergy than they are in the capital. It was not for the first time that an attempt to reduce the power of the clergy in the interior had led to the downfall of the man who made it. For example, as long ago as the eighteen-twenties a governor of San Juan, who was saturated with the ideas of the French and North American Revolutions, issued a document wherein he declared religious freedom and a reduction in the privileges of the Church. He was speedily overthrown, and an interim government proclaimed that the governor's document would be 'publicly burned by the executioner, for it was introduced among us by the hand of the devil'.

Subsequently, the removal of Sarmiento from the governorship of the same province was largely the result of the opposition that he provoked when he decided to establish a school in a building which many years before had been a convent (though in the meantime it had been the local military headquarters) and when he gave the income from confiscated ecclesiastical funds to public works, education, and an experimental farm. Sarmiento was denounced as an atheistic liberal reformer and one priest charged him from the pulpit with being a Mason and therefore a disciple of the devil, adding that all Masons must have tails like the devil. One day Sarmiento met this priest in the street, amiably seized his arm, and obliged him to place his hand on that part of his body where a tail should be. 'Come, come, Father', said the governor, 'touch it and assure yourself well so that afterwards you will be able to preach a new gospel'. But no amount of joking could dispel the suspicion and antagonism that Sarmiento had already provoked.

President Perón's Twofold Miscalculation

President Perón, in the last months of his rule, made a twofold miscalculation: on the one hand he underestimated the stubbornness of the reaction that his anti-clerical campaign would produce, and on the other hand he was mistaken in imagining that if he had control of the capital city and its military garrison he would be secure. It so happened that many of the military officers whom in the past he had dismissed for suspected disloyalty were in the provinces, and that the opposition to his anti-Catholic measures was especially strong in the provincial towns. Furthermore, the provincial people still disliked being dictated to by Buenos Aires. Other provincial garrisons, last September, rallied to Lonardi's leadership from Córdoba; the navy joined the movement; and so the all-powerful capital city was virtually encircled—and Perón fell. After a fashion, the provincials had won the latest round in the traditional contest between the interior and Buenos Aires. General Lonardi and his victorious colleagues travelled into the capital from the country and received a tumultuous welcome. Young men and women from Córdoba—Lonardi's friends—were given posts in Government House. Priests moved about in the government offices. But the Radical *porteños*, who, since the times of Sarmiento, had always been anti-clerical, soon reasserted themselves. And Lonardi was overthrown in the city which only a few weeks before had hailed him as Liberator.

It now remains to be seen whether Argentina's next *caudillo*, whoever he may be who emerges in that role, will be able to find some means of combining the old tradition of personal government with the newer ideal—dear to very many Argentines—of parliamentary democracy; and whether he will be able to convince the people of the provinces that they are not neglected, and that they really will have a share in controlling the destinies of the nation.—*Third Programme*

The Price of Prosperity—III

The Case of the Business Man

By J. P. NETTL

BOTH Mr. Crosland* and M. de Jouvenel† have made it clear that economic expansion, or—to use the word beloved by economists—growth, produces great though sometimes uncomfortable benefits. But both have suggested that we have a clear and conscious choice between economic expansion or economic stagnation. I am not sure whether this is an entirely fair picture, because I feel certain that economic expansion is one of those things that seems just to happen, and the whys and wherefores of it are more easily examined afterwards than at the time it is happening.

A Neglected Aspect

I am going to try to look at the same problem from scratch, and to try to discover some of the things that are necessary before economic expansion can even begin to take place; I am going to concentrate especially on what I think is a most neglected aspect of this whole problem, and that is the point of view of the business man or employer, as opposed to the worker or wage-earner. For reasons which I shall attempt to show, the attitude of this group of our economic society has been almost wholly taken for granted.

I think everybody admits that the pre-condition of a rising standard of living is a continually rising output by everybody, employers and employed alike. As far as employees are concerned we have a miraculous panacea called 'productivity', the whole idea of which is to increase the output by far more than the extra effort, or even allow the actual hours worked to get smaller while the output continues to go up. But what about the employers—the business men, the manufacturers? Productivity in management, except in so far as it reduces paper work and increases efficiency, might almost be described as a contradiction in terms; in fact, I think it is true that the higher the productivity of the workman, the more actual work it means for the employer concerned. For him, therefore, increased material prosperity and increase in production mean simply more or harder work, and the question of how to do it boils down in the main to this: how to make business more respectable than it is today.

I am assuming that the majority of people still do not regard business as altogether respectable, although certain branches—notably producing as opposed to merchanting—have gained considerably in prestige in the last few years. One can date this upward swing in respectability more or less from the first exchange crisis after the war, when the business man, from being a slightly parasitical, greedy, and often comic figure, suddenly turned out to be carrying a large part of our economic burden on his shoulders. It became fashionable for the Government to exhort business men, rather like crowds at an athletic meeting cheer the puffing athlete for that extra spurt which he would probably not be capable of producing by himself. If one reads some of the excellent literature put out by the Board of Trade, or listens to the speeches of its emissaries, it is surprising how many opportunities there still seem to be for business men to do more than they are doing at present.

Attitude to the 'Profit Motive'

When I say that business is not yet considered an entirely respectable occupation I am not talking about tax evasion, or grinding the faces of the poor, or being hatchet-faced, or anything like that: it is simply that the activity of working for an indefinite residual profit is somehow not felt to be as virtuous as working for a fixed wage or fee. I do not know why this is so; it is simply a vague feeling like that engendered by early spring—a curious, and very English, virus of opinion. It is especially odd in a nation of supposed shopkeepers. The only people who accept business—or, let us call it, the idea of working for personal profit—as entirely virtuous are economists, because their craft depends on the validity of the so-called 'profit motive'. And, respectable or not, the point is that the profit motive—the idea that making more money is the root of continuing and seemingly endless economic activity—is not as strong an inducement to work as it used to be. This also may seem surprising. Workers, we are told, need financial incen-

tives in the form of higher wages or salaries to make them work harder; but have we ever heard of incentives for business men? They are supposed to work for maximum profits anyway, and the idea of non-financial incentives has never, apparently, occurred to anybody in this country.

If you had asked a Victorian business man why he worked he would have considered you frivolous, or even feeble-minded. Then, if you had pressed him for an answer, he might either have replied 'For money', or, if he was what we now tend to call 'a typical Victorian', he would have delivered himself of a stern little speech about the virtue of work and its great moral benefits, and so on. Like so many other Victorian ideas, this one is today far out of fashion. You can still hear a faint echo of it occasionally reverberating in old-fashioned luncheon clubs for business men. But, none the less, we do not seem to have found a proper answer to the question 'Why work?' Work is taken for granted, like eating and sleeping. And now, suddenly, it seems that not enough work is being done to pay our way, let alone to increase our standard of living significantly.

In Britain we have a way of doing things nicely, and so the first reaction to the need for more production was to exhort people, lecture them: 'Work harder for the sake of the country'—a mixed appeal to patriotism and common sense rather on the lines of the National Savings campaign. But this proved insufficient, and the question now is: First, why exactly is it that the purely economic inducement, the profit motive, is becoming less effective; and, secondly, what, if anything, can or should be done about it?

Inflation, the Great Leveller

The obvious starting-point is the depreciation of income values, both as a result of monetary inflation and as a result of high taxation. The extra income that results from an extra amount of effort seems, and actually is, worth less than it was twenty-five, ten, or five years ago. Inflation is a great leveller: it evens out and destroys the small but often vital differences between income groups by making more people equally poor at the bottom and more people equally rich at the top. And, frankly, our company taxation system works in the same direction of levelling—it is a sort of business man's equivalent of the Welfare State. Expenses are anyhow deductible from tax and consequently, whether profits are a little bigger or a little smaller, the expense account, from which many business men inevitably live, remains unaffected. There is nothing startling or new about all this: it is like the visible parts of an iceberg above the water, which warn of unsuspected masses below.

It seems to be believed as some sort of basic truth that people work harder for themselves than for someone or something else, such as a government department. A man running his own business is supposed to be prepared to make efforts far beyond those of an employee of a public company or a nationalised industry. This seems to me to be a complete fallacy once you start dealing with people with a fairly high income. They will probably have many of the good things of life already; is it not likely, therefore, that they will far prefer to take six weeks off, even if it means making less money, than continue to work in order to swell an already impressive bank account—and, incidentally, swell the tax collector's money bags? Unless, of course, the man concerned is determined to swell his capital irrespective of what he spends, in which case he is really working for power or prestige more than for money itself; that is, money to spend, or to save for spending later. In short, I would go so far as to say that the more a business man works with an eye on what he will have available to spend, the less likely he is to go on and on working hard irrespective of his wealth. And the more he works for reasons other than direct income, be it prestige, power, social standing or what-have-you, the likelier he is to go on making prodigious efforts, however rich he may be. You can eat only four meals a day—and those, the doctors tell us, not too rich—and you can watch only one television programme at a time—for the moment. But desire for power and prestige knows no limit. This seems

to me a most important point, because it turns upside down the whole self-acting cycle of work-more-have-more, want-more-work-more.

But what about the United States of America, where just that sensible, down-to-earth logic seems to have worked such wonders? Is not America the home of the spiral in which economic desire and economic fulfilment are forever racing each other upwards to heights of prodigious prosperity? It is, undoubtedly; but there is more to it than just a mad scramble for wealth. In America making money is somehow as important, if not more important, than spending it. The two seem to be separate. If you read one of the many American novels about business and business people, this reverence for the activity of making money, and perforce for those who make it, is very striking. Unfortunately you cannot make any comparison with English novels about business and business people because there are virtually none. Apart from Arnold Bennett, the few English writers who use business men as characters make them into villains—and rather stereotyped villains at that, greedy and callous. Apparently business is not considered a worthwhile fiction subject over here.

Talking 'Shop'

Nor indeed is it something to be discussed outside working hours at all: 'Don't talk shop'—after all, it can be of no conceivable interest to those not engaged in it. Nobody minds listening to an architect or a professional tennis player at a cocktail party telling you about his work, but a merchant or manufacturer is just a bore. In short, as I have already said, business is not yet fully respectable. Where the Americans have executives and the French and Germans distinguish between producers (very respectable) and merchants (almost as respectable), we just have a coagulated mass of humanity called 'business men'. The only other term of the same type I am able to think of in English is the term 'confidence man'.

Also, in England, spending money suffers from the same taint as making it. The whole idea of Jones buying a car just because Smith has one is rather nauseating to us, and ridiculous. The best evidence for this comes from advertisers—who are, after all, supposed to understand people's habits better than anybody else: they live by doing so. Compare an English advertisement—often half-apologetically stressing the quality of the advertised product—with the American type, whose chief selling point is not only the product itself but the fact that millions of other people have bought it, therefore you should buy it too. This social competition is tremendously dynamic: consider its effects on the world of women's fashion, even in England. The Russians play on it freely in order to make people work harder: they pin your picture on the factory wall if you have produced more than your colleagues; they give you, not so much the money, but the chance to buy things with it (in specially subsidised shops). As in America, it is the social prestige that counts, as much as the money itself. We do have traces of this ~~idea~~ also—in Yorkshire and Lancashire, for instance, where wealth is respected for its own sake provided that it is not too ostentatious; and the successful are somehow likelier to go to heaven than the poor. There are people who earn much and spend little, who do not spend more just because they earn more: they work, it seems, not for money so much but because it is decent to work, fun to work, or even because there is nothing else to do. 'To retire', it is often said, 'is to die'. But such people are fast disappearing, and there is little hope of reviving them. The moral or religious approach to the problem of hard work is as foreign to our feelings today as our modern ideas of the Welfare State would have been to the Victorians: and yet the idea of exhorting people to work harder, which has been the Government's main contribution to the fund of incentives for business men, would have been much more appropriate in the Victorian age than it is today.

Key to National Prosperity

In short, then, I am suggesting that the problem of more or less work, which is the key to national prosperity nowadays—hardly anyone will dispute that—is as much social as economic. I am convinced that the urge to work harder, produce more and earn more, is closely connected with the social climate in which we live. Whether or not we work on Saturday afternoon depends, surely, on whether a great many people work on Saturday afternoon—because usually we cannot do anything all by ourselves anyway? And this brings out another important advantage the Americans and Russians have over us: and that is the unity in outlook as between different classes of people. What

goes for one group goes more or less for others, and the Russians at any rate are trying hard to increase this sameness, this unity. In England, on the other hand, we are proud of the fact that we have a very diverse society. Good social novelists in England emphasise the differences between groups of people, while good novelists in the U.S.S.R. emphasise the lack of difference. The outlook, amusements, and ambitions of workers and business men here are miles apart. I doubt if the one knows anything really about the other, or very much wants to. I do not think that this diversity of outlook itself affects the desire for a higher standard of living, but it makes any change in the social climate so much more difficult because each class has to be approached differently.

If we are to get the higher standard of living that Mr. Crosland and M. de Jouvenel want, then the first essential is to make work, or money-making, or business—call it what you will—respectable. There must be incentives for business men as much as for workers—even if they are very different ones. Business men will have to get a larger share of the Honours Lists, not for sitting on committees or being local government pundits, but just for being successful business men. Yes, it is a form of Stakhanovism, but, then, that is what Stakhanovism is all about. Another way of making business respectable in these rather intellectual times is to make it scientific, a profession instead of a job: only then can the business man really stand up to the lawyer, or the doctor, on a social level. The Americans have many Schools of Business, whose degrees rank with those of any other faculty, while we daintily dab at the subject in a few Colleges of Commerce, with little or no academic standing. I am convinced—to take another aspect of this—that much of the scientific apparatus of modern business (market surveys, management studies, and a good deal of the internal statistical work done in firms) is not really intended as a means of making larger profits, but gratifies that same search for a professional or scientific approach. It may be more profitable to run a business from the centre of a statistical spider's web, but it is certainly more respectable than merely having a good nose for a deal.

A New Idea of Working

On the economic side, the idea of working will have to be made independent as far as possible of the income earned from such work, especially for the higher-income groups. More and more firms are turning themselves from small, one-man businesses, operated for the benefit of the owner, into public companies owned by anonymous shareholders. From the purely production point of view this is a good thing, because the bigger the organisation in which you work, the greater the non-financial considerations, such as ambition, habit, and so on. And, most important, it is somehow far more respectable to earn £10,000 salary as a director of a public company than to earn £10,000 profit as owner of Y Trading Company Limited. The public concern proudly publishes its profits—the bigger they are the prouder it is (whatever the feeling may be about the size of the dividend): but a private firm which has made a lot of money keeps pretty quiet about it. Finally, in a big, impersonal firm the difference between the top and the bottom is more one of degree than of kind; the boss is always the man immediately on top of you, whose place you may eventually get.

But because I am advocating more public companies and fewer private ones, it should not be thought that I am suggesting that competition is a hindrance to economic development. Mr. Crosland, in his talk, made the point that Britain is today the least competitive nation in the world, but he uses the word 'competitive' not in its strict economic sense but in the more popular sense of individuals competing with each other. It is precisely this kind of competition which I believe is essential for any form of economic progress; competition, that is, within firms as well as between firms; competition that may have nothing to do with money at all. I have heard people in America boastfully compare salaries rather as fishermen compare trout; that is the sort of competition I mean. The same applies to spending habits: the moment people buy something not because they absolutely need it but because it is the thing to have they become involved in a sort of whirlpool of activity and consumption from which it is very hard to escape. If you try just to keep to your own level, down you go to the bottom, pulled down as it were by the movement of all the others going up. After all, prosperity is relative; you are well off today compared to last year or the year before, and compared to Smith or Jones. Politicians know only too well how useless it is to tell people that they are well off unless they produce a comparison of some kind or other.

cannot think of a more ruthless incentive to earn more money than
s economic race to be up to date, yet can we imagine anything
further removed from our tactful, discreet habits at the moment—live
d let live, and minding our own business?
I am not suggesting that all this is a good thing, or that the United
ates or Russia is worth copying for its own sake. It is not proven
at it is better to be rich than just fairly well off. But if economic

growth is really what we want above all, it would be as well to be clear
in what direction we shall have to go, and what we shall have to do.
It is not just a matter of economic tinkering, however skilful—a wrench
here, a little adjustment there, and hey presto! the national income
has increased by x per cent. The price of prosperity may well be a
change in our whole outlook as a society, in our sense of values. Do
we still want it?—*Third Programme*

Two Poems

Prologue to the Nativity

Open your ears, and hear!
Good people who attend
This day, the sweetest in the year,
The birth of Christ, whom God ordained
To be His living son,
And a true friend to everyone,
Give ear,
And you shall presently hear
Of all that did occur
That night—of Her
Whom God had chosen
Riding the frozen
Highway into Bethlehem.
And you shall hear tell of them,
The shepherds who did stare
With wonder and with joy
At the star that hung in air,
And at the angel-boy.
Yes, you shall learn again
The gifts they brought,
And how the three wise men

His wisdom sought
Who was a babe, but who
Rejoiced that learned crew.

Alas! I wail
That you must hear the tale
Of how at the inns they knocked
In vain, and how in vain they did implore
The cruel innkeepers at each festive door,
And how they found
The gates in their faces all were locked,
And no shelter anywhere around
But a poor and windy manger!

All these, and many other things,
Give ear to, stranger!
—But hark, I hear the sound of wings,
And angels shouting down the sky
Their praise to God on high!
Be dutiful, attentive, and delighted!
And may you never be
At Christmastide as bitterly as He
By men's hard hearts benighted!

JAMES KIRKUP, *from the French*
of the Brothers Gréban (fifteenth century)

Who Can Love the Holly?

Who can love the holly,
Dark and full of danger?
Only the antlered eyes
Of a seasonable stranger.

Each berry is a bride,
Each leaf a bridegroom bare;
They dance their wedding jig
In the bedroom of the air.

Its berries tip her breast,
Its shade inscribes a prayer,
She winds its thorny leaves
Around her witch's hair.

High in the teasing midnight
And through the arctic spring,
The holly burns its brazier
Like a sentry's wedding ring.

She cuts the carded sky,
Its pictures fan her palm;
She reads her ready fate
From the cockpit of her calm.

She cuts the carded sky,
And from it falls a knave,
Love rides him like a war horse
Beneath an architrave.

She cuts the carded sky,
Until the tall thin trees
Wave on the white horizon
Beyond the headless seas.

Her smile between the leaves
Fingers the whistling wood,
While far away the holly
Shines in her brassy blood.

Night drops its clanging anchor
Deep in her landlocked heart;
She wears the guiding holly
Upon her like a chart.

Safe from the raiding dark,
Far from the ranging wood,
She lies now with her lover
In fugal solitude.

Oh, who would love the holly,
Dark and full of danger?
Only the armoured eyes
Of an untroubled stranger.

VICTOR MUSGRAVE

—*Broadcast in the Third Programme*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

The Bottom of the Cup

THERE is no honest retreat from rational thought into naive belief. It is an old saying that the first sip from the cup of knowledge cuts one off from God—but in the bottom of the cup God waits for those who seek him. The words quoted are those of a famous scientist. Whatever view one may take of Christmas—and considering the lengths to which modern practice has gone in commercialising the festival it is difficult sometimes to stifle a feeling of cynicism about the whole business—it is a season of the year which affords us all an opportunity for reflecting on the less superficial aspects of the lives we lead. The home, the family, the job—these, it may be claimed, keep us pretty busy and about them there is or should be nothing superficial. The man with a good home, reasonably happy family relationships, and a decent income has indeed a goodly share of what life has to offer. So far as the outer world is concerned, he is standing on firm ground, and if misfortune falls upon him, he will remember, if he is wise and provided his conscience is tolerably clear, that man was born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward and that, as Job found, the ways of God are inscrutable.

Yet which of us has not wondered sometimes, though it be in the small watches or as we gaze at the heavens on a starry night, what we are really doing here on this small planet spinning round the sun, and what our role and duty is in the scheme of things? A question, because it is unanswerable, therefore better left alone? It is, all the same, a question that the human mind will never cease from asking; indeed, for many, it is the only question really worth pursuing. There are, to be sure, many ways of pursuing it. In the course of a Christmas Day wireless programme this year listeners are to hear the sound of stars distant in space some two hundred million light years. That is quite a thought. It demonstrates, if nothing else, the dazzling advances man has made in the field of radio-astronomy. Its bearing on the way we are to conduct our lives may appear remote; yet it can be argued—and with truth—that if we are to consider our place in the scheme of things, we should do all we can to find out what the scheme of things is, concerning ourselves now with the composition of the atom, now with objects separated from us by millions of light years. All that represents one method of approach, progress on the physical plane. It is a method now standing in high fashion and regard, rather indeed as if it were the only method.

But, as has often been said, the world of scientific research and discovery is not concerned with human values, with the world of beauty and of goodness. This latter world may in some sense be said to include the former, but the former excludes the latter. For the religious man will regard it as his province to examine the works of the Creator. As Canon Arthur F. Smethurst says in his recently published book *Modern Science and Christian Belief**, the scientific method is in itself one of the methods which religion employs for the study of reality, and, he concludes, 'the Christian, precisely because he is prepared to employ both scientific and other methods, is in a far better position to acquire balanced and complete knowledge than the materialistic scientist who confines himself solely to one method, the scientific'. Knowledge, if it is pursued in a narrow context, may indeed cut us off from God. A clearer and fuller vision may emerge if, as Christmas comes round and we open our hearts to the message that it brings, we direct our minds to the bottom of the cup.

* Nisbet. 21s.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

LAST WEEK commentators divided their attention between various subjects: the entrance of sixteen more nations into the United Nations; the troubled situation in the Middle East; the Soviet leaders' Asian tour—now continuing into Afghanistan; General Gruenther's announcement that the Russian military threat was 'greater than at any previous time'; and Mr. Dulles' statement that Russia had deliberately launched a new phase in the cold war, with its political and economic thrust aimed mainly at the Middle East and south-east Asia, where Soviet policy consisted of 'emotionalism, reinforced by economic aid and technicians'. There was, in fact, little in the international situation to give cause to speak of the Christmas spirit.

On the subject of the entry of the sixteen nations into the United Nations as a result of Soviet Russia, in the early hours of December 15, withdrawing her veto from twelve non-communist countries, several western commentators expressed the view that, among other things, Russia had gained an advantage by discarding Outer Mongolia in exchange for the exclusion of Japan. Though many western commentators expressed misgivings about this 'package deal' whereby four more Soviet satellites in east Europe were now members of the United Nations, despite the suppression of human rights and liberties in these countries, some welcomed it as making the United Nations more universal.

On the eve of the Soviet leaders' departure for Afghanistan, Mr. Khrushchev stated in a speech in Delhi that it was not his intention to antagonise one country against another; but, he added, British rule over India had oppressed the Indians and kept India from taking her place as a Great Power in the world. He also repeated his assertion that the Portuguese had no right to remain in Goa. On the same day a joint Soviet-Indian *communiqué* was announced, containing a number of generalities about the international situation, and reporting that an understanding had been reached on increased trade between the two countries, including steel and oil mining equipment and oil for India. Numerous commentaries were broadcast from Moscow radio stressing that the Soviet visit to India had produced 'an enormous moral and political effect' as well as 'great results of a purely business nature', bringing out the 'mutual advantages' of intensified Soviet-Indian co-operation. The 'frankness and selflessness' with which they had offered the benefits of Soviet experience and other forms of aid, 'without any conditions', had created a 'tremendous impression', especially

because India by no means meets with such an understanding and friendly attitude on the part of the so-called western countries.

Western commentators asked how the interventions on Goa and Kashmir could be squared with Mr. Khrushchev's many statements in Asia that the Soviet Union never interfered in the internal affairs of other countries, and with its advocacy of 'neutrality'. Moscow broadcasts on the Soviet leaders' visit to Afghanistan stressed the 'common aims' of the two countries. Afghanistan—with whom Russia was ready to 'share experience and technical knowledge'—was commended for its declared policy of neutrality and opposition to 'military blocs in south-east Asia and the Near East'.

Other Moscow broadcasts described the U.S.A. as 'an enemy of the Asian peoples'. A Moscow broadcast in Turkish claimed a favourable reaction throughout the East to Mr. Khrushchev's speech about Kashmir and his prophecy that 'the Baghdad Pact will burst like a soap bubble'. Moscow broadcasts in Arabic alleged that special pressure was being put on Jordan to induce her, against her interests, to join the Baghdad pact. According to a Cairo broadcast, the Egyptian Ambassador to Jordan had stated that Egypt was prepared to supply the Jordanian National Guard with weapons and equipment. He said to have added:

Weapons, arms and equipment are plentiful in Egypt, thanks be to God, and are all produced in Egyptian factories.

Broadcasts from Cairo and Damascus severely criticised Israel for its attack on Syrians on the shores of Lake Galilee. A Syrian broadcast declared:

Syria would have willingly sacrificed 1,000 soldiers as the price of such an incident, which is just what the Syrian masses needed to inflame their enthusiasm to the highest ardour.

Did You Hear That?

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

DOUGLAS BROWN, a B.B.C. reporter, recently visited the Christmas decoration competition organised by the Floral Arrangement Society at the Royal Horticultural Hall in London.

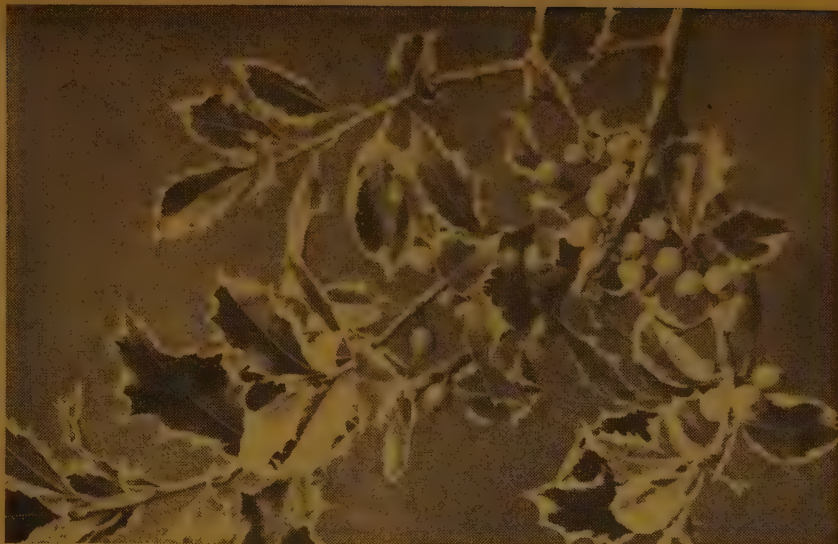
'I spent a good deal of time', he said, in 'The Eye-witness', wandering up and down the long line of exhibits given over specifically to the Christmas theme. Here restraint had its reward. First prize went to a design dominated by a large silver star and adorning it simple materials used with taste and freshness—bleached magnolia leaves veined with silver glitters, shepherd's parsley, poppy heads, pieces of fern, wayside grasses—the whole thing set against a blue background. I saw many examples of the endless patience of the designers. One had bleached some Irish bell flowers and glued them to five pieces of grass. There were gilded seed-pods of love-in-a-mist, and painted grains of corn. An example of a warmer, simpler style was a design made up of three copper candlesticks, rushes, holly, mistletoe, holly, gourds, and apples.

'Then, for instance, there was a stand—it seemed to be made of oxydised metal—made up of eight tubes to give an effect of pillars and on the top of them a square container for the floral design. There were two cream candles that seemed to merge into the flowers. There were Christmas roses, golden holly, eucalyptus-bud pods, and sprays of ivy and mistletoe. It was all backed by a fold of greenish-gold silk, and, to heighten the effect, a reproduction of a painting of the Virgin and Child in traditional style. There were also plenty of ribs, robins, logs; and there was one which puzzled me: an ugly-looking fungus; nearby the skeleton of a bird; a picture of what I took to be an atom bomb exploding opposite the traditional crib, and it was all called "The hope of the world".'

DAY'S PEAT CUTTING

Last spring', said BILL COWLEY in 'The Northcountryman', 'we took a farm, deep amongst the moors, at Glaisdale Head. The deeds go back into dog Latin and the Middle Ages, and amongst other things we have the right of sheep stray and of 'turbary' on the moor. Here we have an open hearth, and we burn proper peat. Peat is the solid stuff from deep down, and is a much better fuel than turves, but beds of real peat are not so common on these North Riding moors as you might think. At Glaisdale we have one of the best.

'Our peat hag lies in a saucer-like depression between Cock Heads and Shunner Howe, at about 1,200 feet above sea-level, in a wild stretch of moor. I have walked there for three days through weather and never met a soul. The peat face is six feet deep, and is worked in terraces. It may be another six feet deep below that, but we will leave that for our grandchildren. To get the peat you first clear away the heather and soil from the top, and trim the face till you get to solid, wet peat. You then work in couples, one man standing on top and digging down at a slight angle with an ordinary garden spade, while the other man, below, digs horizontally or at a slight downward angle into the peat face with a peat spade. This has a stout wooden handle, which you press in with whatever part of your body happens to be handiest, and the blade with one edge bent upwards at a right angle. This cuts out a slab of peat five or six inches wide, three inches deep, and ten inches or a foot long.



In 'The Eye-witness' J. L. Johnston described an auction of holly and mistletoe at Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire—one of the biggest of its kind in the country. Holly is a slow-growing tree, and one of the buyers expressed the opinion that the ever-increasing demand for it is likely to send up the price in future years

With a twist of the body this is brought right round behind you and slipped off the spade into a neat row. The rows are left a few days for preliminary drying, and are then "rikked" up, five or six deep, in a honeycomb formation. If the weather is bad they may then be rooked up into more solid piles till a suitable day occurs for loading.

'The work is not particularly hard once you get to the peat, and three or four days' cutting should provide enough for the winter. Certainly the total cost in labour and transport back to the farm will not be more than half the present price of coal—so if you have a peat hag handy and can acquire the necessary rights, it might be worth having a shot'.

A GLADIATOR OF COVENTRY

'One of the first pieces of work in connection with the building of the new cathedral at Coventry', said C. J. SMITH in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'was the enclosing of the ancient burial ground which lies to the north of the old cathedral ruins. In this plot of ground there stood a plain and undistinguished-looking headstone bearing this remarkable inscription:

To the memory of John Parkes, a Native of this City. He was a man of Mild Disposition, a Gladiator by Profession, who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and with Christian Resignation submitted to the Great Victor in the 52nd year of his age, Anno 1733.

'One does not normally associate gladiators with early Georgian England, and many who have read that strange epitaph must have wondered what manner of combats John Parkes took part in.

'Single combats were for centuries a popular form of entertainment, in which all classes of people took part, both as principals and spectators. Governments in early times considered that the only sports in which the people should indulge were those of a martial nature, and they did not hesitate to discourage, or even forbid, games of a merely amusing kind.

'Henry VIII encouraged sword play by forming a company called the "Maisters of the Noble Science of Defense", in which duelling with all kinds of swords was practised. Promotion to the



Christmas roses

various grades in this company was won by a series of single combats fought in public, and the "maisters" or senior members (a rank attained only with much difficulty) were permitted to keep schools of sword play.

This company flourished through the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, suffered some decline under James I and Charles I, and disappeared under the rule of the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the company was not revived, and the public demand for contests with swords was satisfied by men who fought for money instead of for a degree and the right to teach their craft.

These prize fighters were the "Gladiators", of whom John Parkes was one. Bands of these gladiators would parade the streets preceded by a drummer, and the contests were held in various places, such as inn yards or theatres. Some places were specially noted for gladiatorial combats, for example, the Bear Garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell. The combats were fought on a raised platform or stage; this explains the reference on Parkes' tombstone to his "quitting the stage".

The weapons used by the gladiators were many and various: among them were the two-handed sword, the bastard sword (which could be wielded in one hand or two), the sword and buckler (a small, round shield) and the sword and dagger. Though the results of some of the contests were no doubt pre-arranged, many were bloody encounters. Indeed, the onlookers of the time were dissatisfied if blood were not shed, and might demand their money back. Samuel Pepys, who witnessed contests at the Bear Garden on a number of occasions, tells of one combat when the spectators joined in, much to his anxiety.

We know practically nothing of John Parkes himself. It is clear from advertisements of the time that he stood high in his profession, and his 350 fights well exceed the number fought by his friend James Figg, who was called the "Atlas of the Sword". Figg was not only a well-known gladiator who kept a school of his own, but was one of the early pugilists, and it was pugilism which eventually superseded sword contests as a public entertainment, after the gladiators had held the stage for some seventy years.

The Coventry gladiator's tombstone is not the original one: that was broken and nearly indecipherable many years ago. The present stone also has had to be repaired after being broken in two by vandals. Although it is now hidden from view, the stone is to be preserved, and one day will again excite the curiosity of those who pause to read its strange inscription.

HISTORY IN DOLLS' HOUSES

In Park Lane, London, an exhibition is being given of dolls' houses which shows how the English home has changed and how it was furnished over a span of 200 years. It includes exhibits from abroad lent by museums and private owners. BARBARA HOOPER, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

"Not for a moment", she said, "could you call them toys. They are works of art for the enjoyment of the connoisseur, and every single object in them is the faithful replica of the furniture, the china, or the pots and pans that were in vogue when they were made. The oldest English house on view goes back to 1705. There were dolls' houses, baby houses they were called, long before that. The first one that is known about was made for a Bavarian Duke in the middle of the sixteenth century. But this Queen Anne Westbrook baby house, with a carved oak cabinet enriched with silver candelabra, gleaming kitchen copper, and a four-poster bed draped in blue brocade, is one of the earliest surviving baby houses in this country. It was made by a

group of East End tradesmen for a customer's daughter and it has given pleasure now to something like twelve generations of mothers and daughters in direct line of descent.

For contrast you can compare it with the Georgian Tate baby house, all chandeliers and decorated ladies taking tea. Or with Cliffton Hall, a mid-Victorian town villa, crammed with all the bric-a-brac of the period, right down to brass bedsteads, enamel baths, and complicated hatstands. And to see how the noblemen of that day lived, you have only to glance at the Longleat baby house, made for the daughter of the fourth Marquess of Bath by his estate carpenter, and restored now by the present estate carpenter.

You can learn not only how your grandparents lived (the dolls' kitchens, the overcrowded drawing-rooms), but where they worked in models of a Victorian greengrocer's shop, a forge, a carpenter's workshop, all equipped with immaculate tools and goods no bigger than thimbles. These shops are not exclusively English, for there is

replica of a cooper's shop from Germany, made sixty years ago entirely from wood, the cooper surrounded by the tools of his trade and the products—rows of shining small barrels. There is a Nuremberg kitchen that is even older. These toy kitchens developed on the Continent quite independently from dolls' houses, and this one has in it 125 kitchen articles. Then, too, in the international section there is a model of a houseboat from Kashmir, a baroque Italian chapel, a Dutch bedroom, an American dining room of the eighteen-nineties, and in everything there they are all immensely detailed lilliputian copies of the real thing, so that you might feel you were looking into the past through the wrong end of a telescope.

PARISH CLERK

"An octogenarian parish clerk I chatted with recently", said J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH in 'The North Countryman', "may not have known of the status once attached to the office, but he was fully aware of his own importance in the village community, for he said: "I've seen five vicars out. I've been at all marriages, christenings, and funerals for over fifty years. I've dug up the graves of two generations and helped to side them by. I've taught a few curates and visiting parsons how

to go on, and that. I've seen to the heating, the opening and shutting of the church. I've knoed the bell for deaths and funerals, and kept everything going when we've been without a parson.

"My father was clerk before me, and I've heard him tell that the service never started until the squire and all them from the house had landed up and gotten settled in the screened-off loose-box passage. In my father's day the clerk used to give out all sorts of notices about sheep being lost, sales, and where the hounds would meet the next week. He did all the writing in the registers. He wan't much of a scholar, and used to spell folkses names 'cordinglie ti what they were called in the village. He kept a gallower and used to tether it in the churchyard to eat the grass off; other folks turned sheep in.

"I don't suppose you'd often have occasion to be in the churchyard at midnight?" I asked. "Mair than yance I've had to dig graves at night with a couple of stable-lamps for light, and one winter it was dark before they got a corpse here on a sledge. Snowdrifts was so deep they came over fields and hedges. When I first took over my clerk's job from me father, those bidden ti funerals got a pair o' black gloves, and a silk scarf given by the corpse's relations. All the time came ti funerals in top-hats, and at weddings there used to be a horse race after the service from the church door to the bride's house, and the winner races down the village street for the lads. The winner got a silk handkerchief. But that's all gone, and it's about overed wi' me, too!"



The Tate baby house: one of the exhibits in 'Period Dolls' Houses from Many Lands', at 138 Park Lane, London

'A Powerful Agent of Social Change'

H. J. HABAKKUK on the centenary of the Limited Liability Act

WHEN we buy a share in a joint-stock company today, we incur no liability for the company's debts. Of course, we run the risk that the value of the share will fall, but if the worst comes to the worst and the company goes bankrupt, its creditors cannot compel us to meet its debts out of our personal property. We celebrate this year the passing of the act which established this principle. Since 1855 a joint-stock company has been able to obtain the privilege of limited liability for its shareholders by the simple process of registration.

A Late Development

Perhaps the oddest thing about this act is its date. It is surprisingly late. By the time it was passed the classic industrial revolution was over, some form of limited liability had long been available in the United States and on the Continent, and the joint-stock company itself had been an established institution for over two centuries. To some extent this delay was due to public dislike of the idea of limited liability. *The Times* called the act of 1855 the 'Rogues Charter', and there was a general feeling that a man of probity should not need such protection. Unlimited liability, it was argued, was a necessary curb on speculation. But this sort of prejudice would have had little force had it not been able to coagulate round an intractable core of legal principle.

The common lawyers were mainly responsible, and the story is a classic case of the conflict between legal logic and economic needs. There is a difference between American and English usage which illustrates the point. One of the first things the reader of an American newspaper notices is that what we call a company is in the United States commonly known as a corporation. This difference in terminology has historical roots. In the United States, from an early period, it was easy for a company to acquire the legal status of a corporation, in other words to become a legal entity, separate from the individuals who composed it, with a continuous life of its own, powers to sue and be sued, and limited liability for its shareholders. Most companies therefore became corporations. In England, before the nineteenth-century company legislation, the position was different. To become a corporation a company had to obtain a royal charter or an Act of Parliament, neither of them easy to acquire. Most companies therefore did not become corporations, and in the eyes of the common law remained simply partnerships; mere collections of individuals. The position of these unincorporated companies in eighteenth-century England was not quite so bad as it sounds. They found a temporary makeshift shelter in the law of equity which even enabled them to limit the liability of their shareholders in some degree, provided they advertised the fact that they were doing so. (Hence, the practice of adding the word 'limited' to the name of the company and our curious habit of calling an ordinary share an equity.) But the main difficulty remained.

Whenever they had recourse to common law these equitable companies were still only partnerships. If, for example, such a company wanted to sue at common law, all the shareholders—that is to say, all the partners—had to be named as plaintiffs, and there might be a thousand or two of them, and, if the suit related to some transaction in the past, the relevant shareholders might be quite different from the shareholders at the time of the action.

Early Nineteenth-century Conflict

This was the conflict in the early nineteenth century. On the one hand, there was a common law which recognised only corporations and partnerships; on the other hand, a form of organisation which was not a corporation, but which was also judged by the economic relations of its members, not a partnership. It was because the common lawyers were so determined to make the economic facts fit the pre-existing legal categories that the law took so long to find an appropriate place for the unincorporated company, and did so reluctantly and piecemeal.

The act of 1855 is best regarded as one step in this process by

which the unincorporated joint-stock company was given the powers of a corporation without having to be incorporated by charter or parliamentary act. It was only one of many steps. In some ways, the act of 1862 which consolidated the previous legislation would make a better birthday. From a legal point of view the act of 1844 is more important, for it was then that the common law first recognised the unincorporated company. But in 1844 limited liability was still withheld, and from an economic point of view the act of 1855 which repaired this omission may reasonably be regarded, at least on a centenary occasion, as the crucial step in the evolution of the modern joint-stock company.

In retrospect, the admission of the principle of limited liability looks considerably more important than it did in 1855. Its opponents expected it to have important but harmful consequences—at least, they pretended they did—but were mistaken in the event. Its supporters intended it to apply only to a small range of concerns for which a very large capital and therefore many shareholders were indispensable. As it has turned out in the last hundred years, the joint-stock company with limited liability has become the characteristic form of business organisation in this country, and has had profound effects on the structure of society as well as on industry itself.

Diffusion of Ownership

Limited liability led in the first place to a diffusion of ownership. It made the share one of the most common forms of property, and, if it did not create the rentier, it enormously increased the number of rentiers. It drew out the savings of the upper classes of Victorian England and enabled old gentlemen in Kensington or Camberwell to become part owners of tea gardens in Assam and sheep runs in Australia, participants in enterprises of which they scarcely knew the name, and masters of the wealth of countries they had never seen. And incidentally it cushioned the impact of cheap wheat on English landowners in the late nineteenth century, since the yield of foreign rails made up in part for the falling rents of English acres.

In the nature of things we do not know how far this diffusion of ownership has gone; we do not know how many people in this country at the present day own shares. A great company has several thousands of shareholders; but people spread their investments, and the holder in one company may well be the same person as the holder in another. It is a common belief, to which I subscribe, that the practice of shareholding is much more widely spread in the United States than here. For one thing, the facilities for the small investor are much better. For another, the American man in the street is more venturesome about these things. When I was in the States last year, I used to overhear people in the drug store discussing with some expertise the finer points of the market—the sort of people for whom in this country stocks and shares are as much a mystery as the expanding universe.

It may be that even in Britain there are more shareholders, particularly more small shareholders, than we suppose. Some such conclusion has been drawn from an investigation which the Metal Box Company recently made into the composition of its shareholders. They found that of some 11,500 personal holdings, about 8,500 were holdings of £1,000 or less. The company did not enquire how many of these small holders were men of moderate wealth and not very rich men spreading their investments. Such an enquiry would have been difficult, though some large company ought one day to attempt it. The chances are that most of these small holders were in fact small investors, but I think one can safely guess that they included few if any wage-earners. A large number of wage-earners must certainly have had an indirect stake in Metal Box through the pension funds, insurance, and other institutions which together held about forty per cent. of its total capital. But to contribute to a pension fund which invests in shares is not quite the same thing, psychologically or economically, as to buy a share oneself, and I should not care to bring out the trumpets and herald the advent of a property-owning democracy simply on evidence of this nature.

The case does, however, suggest that many people of moderate means have an interest in the fortunes of the great English companies, many more people than had such an interest twenty or thirty years ago. And whatever the facts at the present moment, the habit of owning shares will surely spread. Newspapers have taken to advising small investors; enough ordinary newspaper readers have been turning to equities to make the investment-advice service a worth while feature. And if the cost of living continues to rise the need to hedge against inflation will further break down the inertia and conservatism which keep many small savers off the Stock Exchange. So we may yet become American in our investment habits, and perhaps one day the financial column will be as popular as the sports page.

Irrevocable Divorce?

But while the spread of the limited-liability company has led to the diffusion of ownership, it has also deprived ownership of much of its former function of control. A hundred years ago, the typical *entrepreneur* was a man who both owned and controlled his business, and controlled because he owned. Now, it is argued, ownership has passed to shareholders too numerous and uninterested to exercise control, while control has passed to managers who may well have no property interest in the firm. This has obviously happened to some extent, but how far has the process really gone? Is the divorce between the control of an enterprise and the ownership of its capital 'complete, absolute, and irrevocable', as one writer puts it? Has the limited-liability company been the unwitting agent of a 'managerial revolution'?

Certainly it is now rare to find a large company controlled by the old-style captain of industry. But such men are still not uncommon among small concerns, and even among the large one can think of some where sovereignty appears still to reside with the members of a single family, and of a greater number where control rests with a small group because they own a strategic proportion of the shares. It is true that the shareholders as a whole do not exercise control; the typical investor has too small a stake in any given company to want to control it, or to be able to. But it may still be true that those who do exercise control in a company do so by virtue of their ownership. In many companies ownership of shares appears to be sufficiently concentrated to afford control. Professor Sargent Florence's examination of eighty-two of the largest British industrial companies showed what he defined as a dominant ownership interest in forty-eight cases. How often in such cases the ability to control was in fact exerted we simply do not know, and in any case Professor Florence's definition might be debated; but in view of such figures we should perhaps stop talking so confidently about the managerial revolution as if it were an accomplished fact, or even as if it represented the most significant change in industrial organisation in the last hundred years.

We live in a mixed economy not only in the sense that publicly owned industries exist alongside privately owned, but also in the sense that within private industry itself the company form hides an immense variety of economic fact. There are many types of leadership and control in private industry, and it is by no means obvious that the future lies with the manager-led firms. The assumption that the managers are now in control underlies a good deal of recent discussion about modern industrial society. And, indeed, the notion of a managerial revolution has been a fruitful hypothesis, but when it is reduced to the proportions warranted by the facts it ceases to be so exciting. In this respect it reminds me of the notion of the rise of the middle classes.

Greater Power to Raise Capital

Neither of the two consequences of limited liability which I have just discussed were clearly foreseen by its advocates a hundred years ago. A third result was more directly envisaged at the time—the greater power conferred on industrialists of raising capital. Limited liability was not the result of pressure from industrial interests—the demand came rather from the investors and the merchants—but several people did argue that it would make it easier for companies to tap the savings of the general investing public, 'blind capital', as it was sometimes called. Has the limited-liability company proved a sufficient instrument for this purpose? In particular, has it met satisfactorily the needs of the untried venture, the small firm and the newcomer? Whatever the arrangements for raising capital, the untried venture works under an obvious disadvantage. Simply because its prospects are so uncertain, it is much less attractive to the general run of investors than companies whose names are household words. But before 1914 this particular disability

does not seem to have been of very great moment. The small firm could raise sufficient money from wealthy private individuals, neighbours and friends who could assess the prospects of the firm from personal knowledge and had sufficient confidence in the future to sink their savings in it. Further expansion could be financed by the ploughing back of profits. And down to 1914 these methods sufficed for a very large section of industry. You have only to look at a stock-exchange list for the early part of this century to see that industry proper—distinct from banking, insurance, transport, and such-like undertaking—did not draw a great part of its capital from the issue of publicly quoted shares on the stock exchange.

By the inter-war period circumstances had changed. The old private and local springs of finance had dried up; higher taxes on individual incomes had cut into the resources of the wealthy private investor. The small firm which wanted to grow beyond a certain point had to draw on the pool of blind capital, and the difficulties of the small firm in doing so now became apparent.

This was the deficiency to which the Macmillan Committee drew attention in 1931 and it has become labelled 'the Macmillan gap'. The committee was primarily concerned on this point with defects in the organisation of the capital market. Defects of this kind are capable of being removed. Many have been removed. The capital market is a highly flexible institution. It is very different now from what it was twenty-four years ago, and is much better adapted to meet the requirements of the untried venture. It may not be beyond human ingenuity to devise means outside the capital market to nurse small firms up to the stage where they are big and bonny enough to raise capital by the issue of publicly quoted shares. But the principal defect of the small firm is one which no amount of improvement in organisation is likely to remove: since they are generally unknown, investors will not readily buy their shares. For the small firm, therefore, the issue of new shares is a very expensive way of raising money. And one cannot help doubting whether we shall succeed in devising a satisfactory substitute for the wealthy private investor of the last century.

Variations in State Action

It is evident, I hope, from this brief survey that the limited-liability company has been a most powerful agent of social change over the last hundred years. There is no reason to suppose that its potentialities are exhausted. The institution, as we know it today, is partly the result of legislation and partly the result of the autonomous action of individuals pursuing their interests within the legal framework. The importance of state action has varied from period to period. From the Bubble Act of 1720 to the Companies Act of 1862 it was probably of decisive importance. After 1862, despite the growing complexity of companies and legislation, the most important changes sprang from thrusts and drives within the company itself. Have we now entered a period in which state action is once again to be the preponderant influence?

In some industries nationalisation has already obliterated the company. But even if nationalisation is never extended, the role of the company would be entirely altered if, for example, the state should acquire a large part of the shares of industrial enterprises, an alternative form of state control which has never been much in favour with socialists but which has recently found advocates, and which may win wider support as enthusiasm for nationalisation wanes. It has been argued that 'the development of the joint-stock system definitely points the way to this form of socialisation'. Something like this was said by German socialists even before 1914. This belief seems to me to rest upon an exaggeration of the divorce between ownership and control which the joint-stock company has promoted. One can argue, with at least equal plausibility, that in the period of long-term boom in which we appear to live, an equity share in industry will become increasingly attractive to the small investor, and to the institutions which take care of his savings, and that diffusion of ownership will provide a bulwark for private capitalism in this country as it certainly does in the United States. But perhaps both these speculations will seem as unperceptive a hundred years hence as the comments of contemporaries on the Act of 1855 seem to us today.—*Third Programme*

The lecture given by Mr. Eric James, High Master of Manchester Grammar School, on 'Education and the Moral Basis of Citizenship' which was delivered at the annual general meeting of the Association for Education in Citizenship last year, has now been published by Heinemann at price 1s. 6d.

Caves, Craggs, and Coal Mines

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

CRESWELL CRAGS rise upon either side of a limestone gorge 500 yards long. I admitted to myself as I looked at the map, and determined to visit the gorge, that it was not going to be on the scale of Cheddar in the west of England or of Gordale Scar in the West Riding: but then gorges, limestone gorges, even small ones, are delightful, so as I drove into Nottinghamshire one very pleasant day this last summer I was sure that these Creswell Crags were going to afford special delights—the delights of solitude and rock and water, of caves, yew trees, and canopies of ivy.

I knew how the crags had been cherished by that Duke of Portland whom the people around Welbeck still refer to as 'Leather Breeches', that eccentric who dug vast rooms and tunnels into the ground, building downwards instead of upwards, at Welbeck Abbey. When the railway from Mansfield to Worksop was projected in the eighteen-sixties, he took great care that it should run west of the Crags and not interfere with their beauty or solitude. Also it was 'Leather Breeches', I believe, who built a dam across the stream, and formed a lake from end

to end of the gorge, reflecting the grey rocks and the green foliage. I knew, as well, the story of another visit to the Crags, by two famous bluestockings of the eighteenth century. These ladies were after a gem of scenery, a curiosity on the edge of the great park of the Dukes of Portland, a primeval scrap of Sherwood Forest, complete in possessing a Robin Hood's cave. Since one was the Duchess of Portland and the other her friend Mrs. Delany, pioneers were sent ahead; stiles were laid low so that they would not have to climb, paths were cleared, Mrs. Delany says, of brambles and briars; bridges were set across damp ground; and at last, on such a delightful summer afternoon as I had for visiting

Creswell Crags this year, these two ladies in their black aprons arrived, two centuries ago, walked down the gorge, admired the tufted foliage and the stream which sparkled along from the little township of Creswell, dividing, at this point, Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire. They picked wild flowers in the gorge, which they identified and discussed over the tea-table at Welbeck Abbey after they walked back.

I suppose I took much the same route, except that I drove instead of walking. I had passed Welbeck Abbey, had taken one of the drives, had seen the trees ahead, turned a corner, and entered the gorge, and found—well, let me say I expected an elysium, and I found a colliery; I expected a lake, and I found a sewage works; I expected solitude, and here were mustard-coloured double-deckers rumbling from Worksop to Creswell; and I am going to ask you to believe that I was not disappointed, but elated.

The explanation is that I had not driven 200 miles that day just for the picturesque, just for a view, just for a taste of rock and leafage, just for a possible excursion a few yards underground. I had driven to put some flesh on to an adjective—the bare adjective

'Creswellian'—which you will find in every textbook of the prehistory of Europe; I had driven expecting a vista back and back into prehistory, and here it was; all 20,000 years of it, or so—here, between the first cave entrance I could see, at the eastern end of the gorge, black in the grey limestone, and the colliery chimney at the western end, framed exactly between the walls, rolling its volumes and volumes of smoke towards me.

All this about Creswell Crags and prehistory needs some explanation; and the explaining must begin with a tooth, eighty-five years ago. One day about 1870 a workman—perhaps a quarryman or a limeburner, because there used to be quarries and kilns here—picked up a tooth somewhere among Creswell Crags; it was fossilised and had belonged to a mammoth, to one of those hairy, shaggy elephants which fed on the grass and lichen of the plains of northern Europe when the glaciers were retreating so slowly towards Scotland and the North Cape, those elephants hunted and killed and eaten by our ancestors of the Old Stone Age, and so exquisitely drawn, painted, and engraved by them in limestone caverns.

Two years later another tooth was picked up, this time in one of the caves in the gorge—not of a mammoth but of the woolly rhinoceros, an animal which also wore an overcoat of hair and wool against the northern cold. Three years later, in 1875, a Derbyshire geologist came to the Crags; and he began a scientific investigation of the caves, the Pin Hole, Robin Hood cave, Church Hole, and Mother Grundy's Parlour, which is still unfinished.



Creswell Crags: an eighteenth-century engraving

By courtesy of Nottingham Central Library



Above: fragment of a bone, bearing a palaeolithic engraving of the forequarters of a horse, discovered in Robin Hood cave, Creswell, in 1875, and subsequently found to have been 'planted' there from France. Right: bone with a palaeolithic engraving of a dancing man masked with an animal's head, found in 1928 'secure below six inches of stalagmite' in Pin Hole cave

British Museum



So you see the function of the gorge and the caves: they gave shelter from the winds which swept down from the glaciers across those uplands which were to become Sherwood Forest. The caves were hyena dens, and dens of mankind. Bones gnawed by the hyenas, tools fashioned by Upper Palaeolithic man were recovered as geologists in their top hats stood by and watched their labourers hack through layers of stalagmite towards the cave earth. The climax to the discoveries came after another fifty years had gone by, when an archaeologist proposed the name 'Creswellian' to describe the Upper Palaeolithic industry of Great Britain; the industry, the culture, of the men who hunted their game in the brief Arctic summers of Britain, so near the ice-cap, the men who found shelter in the caves and fashioned such weapons of flint and bone and antler as the excavators have recovered here in the gorge.

So there is the adjective. There you have 'Creswellian' to be added to all those Old Stone Age labels, those names we learn—Aurignacian, Magdalenian, Solutrean and the rest—if we visit the painted caves of France and Spain. That was one reason for coming. Creswell Crag is not the only Creswellian site in Great Britain, yet you can fairly say that a pilgrimage to the Crag is a pilgrimage to the beginnings of modern man in our country.

But these cave-men of Creswell, these country cousins of the men of Lascaux and Altamira and the caves and cave-shelters of the Dordogne in France, were they also prehistoric artists? On the crook of that question there hangs a sad and bad tale, which also intrigued me and was a motive for coming to this border of rock and sewage between Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. Were they also artists? Someone asked himself that question in 1875 when the excavations began and decided the answer must be yes. At that time paintings on the walls of French and Spanish caves had not been discovered, but wonderful engravings on bone were much in the news, all coming from France. Must not England also have its glory? By the light of candles the geologists stood by and the workmen dug inside Robin Hood cave, which presents a fine entrance under a black lip of the gorge and under the extended branches of a yew tree. One of the geologists pounced on a small fragment of bone and brought it to daylight, and noticed on it the engraved forequarters of a horse.

England's glory was assured: Old Stone Age men at Creswell were artists no less than Old Stone Age men in the limestone gorges of France. Alas, though, the piece of bone was clean, more or less white and dry, unlike the many thousands of other fragments which were grubby, brown, and damp.

Moreover, at about the same level, within the same period of four days, in the same cave, the other of the geologists in charge had triumphantly picked out part of a canine, also clean, white and dry, of a sabre-toothed tiger; an animal which had belonged to earlier,

warmer phases, whose remains, therefore, should not have been found in levels of the glacial era of Creswellian man and horse and mammoth. And though the geologists indignantly denied it, the precious bone and precious tooth do not seem to have been sealed in by stalagmite.

The engraving was genuine Upper Palaeolithic art, probably from France, the tooth was genuine tiger tooth, bought possibly from a continental dealer; but someone, and probably again one of the finders, a Derbyshire parson and a Manchester professor, must have planted both objects soon after they began to dig in Robin Hood cave. It was a minor affair akin to the major forgery of the Pilted skull; and there was a fuss, though the mystery was neither solved nor very long pursued. Still, these cave-men of Creswell proved to have been artists after all, if not very good ones, for in 1928, when the Pin Hole was being excavated, a bone was found secure below six inches of stalagmite, and on it was engraved a dancing man mask with an animal's head, of a kind well known from French and Spanish caverns. If you are curious, you can see both these engravings, the one planted from France, the authentic one from the Pin Hole, side by side in the British Museum.

So far as I was concerned, that tale of Victorian self-glory or added to the drama and attraction of the Crag. And here I was at last, a pilgrim who had reached the shrine. I could smell the sewage which flowed down the gorge from Creswell. Still blacker smoke rolled out of the chimney of Creswell mine. I waded through nettles, I climbed the concrete wall, just escaping one of the double-deckers from Worksop, and looked for the caves. They were boarded up; boarded barbed-wired, and padlocked. Across Mother Grundy's Parlour, which has yielded a fine series of flint tools, someone has scrawled 'Vandalism Possession. Mod. Con.'. The Pin Hole cave, in which excavators discovered not only that genuine engraving but a hearth with charcoal bones and a wild duck's egg, gazed down to the road with a blind palisaded eye below a green eyebrow of ferns and liverwort.

The condition of the gorge in 1955 would outrage the picturesqueness of Mrs. Delany or of Leather Breeches, Duke of Portland, who saved the Crag from the railway and set a mirror of water from side to side. As for honouring our remote ancestors, there is not a notice, not a sign, not a symptom, unless you count the timbers and padlocks barring entry to the caverns.

I stayed there till evening, till the sun turned the Crag yellow and till the black heaps of Creswell mine became an extremely rich and solid soft purple. You could, I suppose, claim that Creswell mine and the mustard-coloured buses trundling to Worksop, and the green sewage pipes, mark the wonderful development of an adventure technology already a little advanced when Creswellian men fashioned their Creswellian implements of flint among these Crag.

—North of England Home Service

Private Report—II

The Wild 'Twenties

By DONALD BOYD

EARLY in the 1914 war they sang a popular song in music halls and theatres:

Oh we don't want to lose you
But we think you ought to go,
For your King and country
Both need you so.

Later there was another popular song—a melancholy ditty, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning'. There were two parts to the population, one at home and one fighting. Oddly enough, these songs became appropriate to the whole climate of that war. The experiences of the soldiers could not be shared and there was a great breach between the army and the civilians.

It is not easy to trace all its results, but there is one aspect which is well marked. The young men had to do without their young women for the best part of four years, with leave from the front only once in twelve months, and the young women had to do without their young men. Even before the war there were not enough young men to go round and there were about three-quarters of a million died in it, from

Great Britain and Ireland, so that the chance of having a young man of your very own, when it ended, was less. To make things more difficult, the men who did come back were changed. They had been shocked. Something had been shared by them which they could not share with the young women at home, so the young women had to do without their young men for four years, which should have been the years of youth, adventure, and gaiety for all of us, but they also had to make good, if they could, a new understanding; to make friends again, with strange friends or stranger strangers. You might say that they were young men with part of them missing—it had been spent overseas.

It was an uneasy situation. But the uneasiness passed over with surprising moderation. I think there were a number of reasons. For one thing, we were not very conscious of the situation, and that might be a blessing. For another, the men who returned thought there was nothing better in the world than a civilian job. The best reason of all is that young men and young women cannot do without each other and if one understanding has been broken, another must be made.

So we set out to have a good time, so far as we could. Hence the wild 'twenties.

One of my friends in the 'twenties used to sing a silly little song:

I am but a prairie flower
Growing wilder every hour.
No one cares to cultivate me
I'm as wild as wild as can be.

He had been one of the permanent staff of a depot ship serving Gallipoli and the ship had been there so long that the ratings believed it would never be able to push its way through the atoll of old tin cans which now surrounded it. I suppose this silly little song was his comment on that dreary servitude. I don't think he regarded himself as particularly wild, but there was a general wildness in those years, which most of my generation shared in degree, and that is why I also enjoyed his song.

Innocent Wildness

Ours was a fairly innocent wildness, I believe, and it was largely spent in the new dance halls which sprang up suddenly and in plenty all over the city. We were present at every opening night, and thought it all rather wonderful. Most of them began with a pretence of dignity and evening dress, but before the evening was over, hopeful managers usually found they had something on their hands they had not foreseen. A rumour that a hoard of whisky was in the cloakroom had provoked an assault, and by the time we went for our hats the place looked like a rag-sorting shop. In another place I had the pleasure of seeing a tough and pretty young woman roll a four-foot Chinese pot down the stairs on top of her amorous partner.

One of the best evenings was spent in a dancing academy at a fancy dress ball. One of the cowboys had naturally brought his long-barrelled forty-five revolver with him and he flourished it from time to time—growing wilder every hour, indeed—until a rival annoyed him extremely and he drew it with an air that looked really dangerous, and everybody stopped dancing to watch. Some dancer who combined presence of mind and suitable abandon threw a beer bottle towards the cowboy. It was done with nice judgement. It did not damage the cowboy, but it totally destroyed a long pier glass and made a most arresting noise. In the *mêlée* which followed the cowboy was picked up and thrown through the window; fortunately it was on the ground floor; and a few minutes later one of our party, taking a breath of air outside on the steps, had the pleasure of hearing the proprietor explain to a policeman that he had never seen the cowboy before in his life; and the even more convincing pleasure of hearing the policeman reply in a flat Lancashire accent that the feller must be a bit of a conjuror as 'e'd fallen into 'is arms out-o'-th'-winder.

Early in the summer dawn, the party drove through the sleeping city in open cars. Teddy stood in front with the trumpet of a gramophone, making what sounded like very witty remarks on buildings of interest along the route. We had almost come to our homeward quarter when someone suggested we should turn round and drive forty miles to the Blossoms, for breakfast. There was a discussion on that silent pavement already warmed by the quiet sun. The young women in the cars purred to themselves and left the men to decide. One of the men was left, awkward, inflexible, and unhappy, upon the pavement. The rest set their westward course for the Blossoms. As I recall they were not very warmly received.

There seemed then to be two sorts of young women in the world: those who were prepared to play in the new liberal sense—abandoned, though not morally, to the desire for a good uninhibited time, and not, therefore, crippled by the narrow rules of the old world; and, on the other hand, the respectables who ruled themselves by the code and censured what they could not understand. My own friends in part came under the censure of respectability which imagined the worst even where it had not happened; it is one of the pleasures of respectable stupidity to imagine the worst.

You might well find yourself inhabiting two worlds: the world which seemed to promise a good time and some relief from the nightmares behind and still persisting, and the kind, respectable world which expected you to acquiesce in the rules; for the two could hardly meet. A married couple of my acquaintance, with extraordinary humanity, did, in fact, hold two sets of parties—one for the good and one for the bad. Fortunately I was marginal and sometimes got to both, and I can assure you the parties arranged for the bad were much the more amusing. The bad naturally had gay young women, wines and spirits

and dancing and noise; the good had intelligentsia, China tea, sweet biscuits, unaccompanied Bach, and silence.

The desire for a good time was the doctrine of indulgence. The men had a good deal to forget, and many were still pursued by the nightmare world. The women had much to learn. On with the dance—let joy be unconfined. It was a simple remedy and did not work very well, though it was the only remedy to be found: really the only remedy in that particular time (I am leaving the saints, hermits, and anchorites out of my account). But it would be foolish to suppose that you can break the rules in which you have been bred and still remain the same. You cannot. The times were disorderly and uneasy. It is surprising they were not worse. But it was likely that stupid mistakes would be made by people starved of normal satisfactions; and that the unstable and the silly would go bad and ruin themselves and spread their infection. It is a time which has affected the whole of our history since. It could hardly help doing so.

For the young people of the 'twenties didn't dissolve into smoke in the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties. The generation that had at any rate pretended to throw away all the conventions of respectable behaviour, and would not listen to the still respectable, the prudent and the old, became the middle-aged of the 'forties and 'fifties, and are now themselves parents of children. They have been censured freely in a vague, generalised way. Many censors have announced that they don't know what the world is coming to, referring perhaps to appearances in the divorce court: I dare say the generation was no wiser than its fathers. But it had to make difficult adjustments. The wildness attempted to conceal dismay. That war had, in some matters, more damaging effects than the second war. The second war was not so unexpected. It did not begin in false glamour. It began and ended in realism. We did not think it would be over by Christmas. There was understanding between the fighting men and the people at home; there were more meetings between them. Events were much better reported in newspapers and by radio. The bombing at home put civilians more on a level with their men. The community was not divided.

Emotional disturbances, whether in a person or in a people, can slowly dissolve in course of time, where there is goodwill; and the changing generations bring with them a change in atmosphere. The question we might ask ourselves is whether the wildness of the 'twenties has had a bad effect on the children of those who were young thirty years ago. I am a parent, indeed a grandparent, and so I cannot be sure that I am a fair judge. It is a fixed law, so far as I can understand it—that parents of any period must suddenly discover that the young do not accept the obvious truth that parents are right. This discovery, which I have made (and I *was* right, too), may influence my view, which is that there are many young people who couple independence of view with almost frigid sense. If they wish to do something they expect to do it, and are much more given to trying to do it than to accepting an assurance that it won't work. They are not much given to rules, but they ignore rather than break them. They are knowledgeable; even knowing. I think the 'twenties have had an effect, and it has been to make them look with much more suspicion on authority and to question it without heat and in a more searching way.

Comical Rather Than Tragical?

Once upon a time the revolt against the older generation would have been portrayed as a heroic battle, an affair of thunderbolts. It was a common stage situation—in 'Milestones', for example. Is that situation possible today? It seems out of key. Sometimes I detect now among the young a certain pity for the simplicity, disorder, and incompetence of their parents, and that seems to me to suggest that there is a better attitude between them. The young would think, I dare say, that the most delightful stage reconstruction of the 'twenties in 'The Boy Friend' is really typical. I do not remember ever to have been in any situation exactly like that of the play, though it has my warmest sympathy. My life has not, alas, been much like a musical comedy. But I don't object to the label. It isn't bad to think that the 'twenties were comical rather than tragical, hopeful rather than gloomy, and ready to pipe up an innocent song whenever the action requires. I would rather be like that than like Father Barrett of Wimpole Street.—*Home Service*

The British Film Institute 1954-1955, price 2s. 6d., is an illustrated account of the work of this body and of its organisation. The Institute was founded in 1933 and the National Film Theatre started in 1952. The Governors hope that a new theatre will be built on the South Bank when the lease of the present theatre there expires in 1957.

NEWS DIARY

December 14-19

Wednesday, December 14

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell is elected leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Mr. Herbert Morrison resigns the deputy leadership

United Nations Security Council recommends to General Assembly that sixteen new members be admitted

Communist Party in Cyprus is declared illegal

Government of Jordan resigns

Thursday, December 15

Council of North Atlantic Treaty Organisation approves plans to co-ordinate air defences of member states

Pay increases announced for police and local government officers

Foreign Office informs Israeli Ambassador that British Government takes 'a serious view' of recent border attacks on Syria. Egyptian Prime Minister says that Egypt will take action if there is further 'aggression' by Israel

Friday, December 16

Round-table conference on Malta recommends acceptance of proposal to send Maltese M.P.s to Westminster

Nato Council publishes *communiqué* after meeting in Paris

U.N. Security Council considers Syria's complaint against Israel

Saturday, December 17

Demonstrations take place at funeral of terrorist in Nicosia

Many teachers support protests of National Union of Teachers over Superannuation Bill

Prime Minister of Malta arrives in London

Sunday, December 18

United States and Britain offer Egypt financial help to construct High Aswan dam

A general election is held in the Saar

Riots take place in Jordan in protest against the country joining Baghdad pact

Monday, December 19

Snow, fog and ice cause widespread interruption of traffic throughout Britain

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev return from Afghanistan to Russia

Chamber of Deputies in Khartoum asks for Sudanese independence

Prime Minister resumes work after chill



Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, who has been elected Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party in succession to Mr. Attlee. In the ballot, held on December 14, he secured a clear majority with 157 votes. His opponents, Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Herbert Morrison, received seventy and forty votes respectively

Right: one of the roof gardens at the new terminal buildings of London Airport, opened by H.M. the Queen on December 16. In the background is the control tower



A scene from 'Henry V', a new production of which is now included in the Old Vic's current season. Centre, Richard Burton as Henry; right, Harold Kasket as the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, left, John Woodvine as the Bishop of Ely

Right: pupils of Chetham's Hospital, the Bluecoat School in Manchester, rehearsing last week for their end-of-term performance of carols which was televised on December 18. The school building dates back to the Middle Ages



Men and boys of the mountain village of Kyperounda in Cyprus detained behind barbed wire while British troops searched the neighbourhood for illegal arms last week. Several guns, some dynamite and army equipment were discovered in the village



An architect's drawing of the building to be erected on the site adjoining Broadcasting House, in Portland Place, London. Work on it is expected to begin next autumn. The B.B.C. has let the site to the Prudential Assurance Company who will construct the building, after which the Corporation will take a long lease of the accommodation

Party Political Broadcast

The Labour Party's Aims

By the Rt. Hon. ALFRED ROBENS, P.C., M.P. (Labour) for Blyth

THIS is a party broadcast and today of all days* I can't begin without a word on a subject you've been reading a good deal about this last week. The Labour Party has lost a great leader in Clem Attlee. For twenty years he has led the party in good times and in bad; in war and in peace; in office and in opposition, and the affection and admiration we feel for him have grown with the years. To those of us whose life has been made up of active work in the Labour Party his going is a great wrench, and it's hard indeed to imagine what it will be like without him in the House of Commons.

But political causes are bigger than the men who lead them, and the Labour Party will move forward under its new leader, Mr. Gaitskell, as it did under Mr. Attlee. We welcome him, and we shall work as a team with him, and we look forward with confidence to the day—not far distant—when Hugh Gaitskell will be Prime Minister of Britain.

Tonight I want to talk to you about some of the things we've been doing in parliament these last twelve months. Last year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us that if we gave him the chance he and his party could double the standard of living of this country in the next twenty-five years. The Prime Minister took up the idea a little later and gave it his blessing. So we've been pressing the Conservative Government all through the year to see how they're going to set about it. I sometimes wonder if they really know what they mean. We know what we mean. Doubling the standard of living means more of the things we want and more leisure as well, and Labour believes it can be done.

Britain has one great advantage in starting out on this task. She has a great reservoir of intelligent and highly skilled manpower. The manual workers, administrators, scientists, technical workers are there or can be trained, new industrial techniques of all kinds are coming along to increase our productive power. If we all work together, if we organise all the resources of capital and labour in the interests of the whole nation, if we share the extra products of our work and our skill among the whole population, there is no doubt that we can move together towards a standard of life higher than anything we dreamed of only a few years ago. That is Labour's view, and we claim that we made a good start on the job.

Under Labour, we earned and spent more than ever before. And there were other things just as important. There was the great increase in ordinary people's standards and security which came from Labour's massive schemes of welfare—the Health Services, subsidies, retirement pensions, sickness benefit, and all the things which enabled Labour proudly to say 'We have abolished poverty'. We didn't talk about raising the standard of living—we did it.

But at the moment we are not in office. The Tories are there instead and, as I said, we've been pressing to see what steps they were taking to double the standard of living. Now one of the instruments used by Labour chancellors to raise standards was the Budget. Well, the Tories have had two budgets this year. What did they do with them? In the first one, the Chancellor decided to give away £150,000,000 in income-

tax reliefs. Did he use those millions to give us all more to spend? He's very proud of saying that he reduced the income tax of millions of people. And indeed he did. About 8,500,000 people got on the average just about an extra shilling a week to spend—and then in June the Chancellor took the shilling back again in increased insurance contributions.

Some people's standard of living did go up. About a third of a million of the better-off taxpayers shared £25,000,000 a year between them. Even if they had to pay a shilling a week more in insurance contributions, that was only a fraction of the extra weekly spending power they'd got from the Chancellor.

But let's be fair. When the Chancellor prepared his budget he knew there was to be an election. It wasn't a raise-the-standard-of-living budget, it was a get-more-votes budget. Giving 8,500,000 people a shilling a week extra before the election and taking it back after the election was part of the Tory trick. It was part of the attempt to create a feeling of prosperity and more to come—and it worked. The Tories are back in power and they've five years ahead of them, if they want, to get on with the first stage of doubling the standard of living in twenty-five years. What are they doing about it?

You don't need me or anyone else to tell you facts on that. Prices are going up. And for people on fixed incomes, rising prices mean a falling standard of living: they mean fewer goods for the same amount of money. The cost of living has been rising week by week and it's been rising as a direct result of Tory policy. It was to please the doctrinaires of the Tory party that food subsidies were taken off, and the long-term trading agreements abandoned. And now the recent budget has given another twist to the screw. Mr. Butler's increases in purchase tax were not solely on luxuries. Oh no: they were on essentials, such as kitchen-ware, and on furniture. Indeed, most furniture had never been taxed before. The immediate result was to lower the standard of living for nearly everybody.

Nearly everybody, I said. Because, of course, the better-off people feel these things much less. A penny on here and sixpence on there make no difference to the £100 a week family, especially when they've just had a free gift of 43s. a week each from the Chancellor, but when it goes on and on it hits the £10-a-week family very hard indeed. And the hardest hit of all are the old-age pensioners. Over 1,000,000 of them are now drawing National Assistance because they can't live on their pension. No doubling of the standard of living for these fellow-citizens of ours. Where is our sense of social justice if those of us who don't have to live on National Assistance are careless of the wellbeing and happiness of those who do? It is monstrously unjust that in a country like ours, in the second half of the twentieth century, we should make life difficult for the people who are least able to help themselves.

What makes the situation worse for the old-age pensioners—indeed for everybody living on a fixed income—is that they can't put in a wage demand to catch up on the rise in prices. What a mercy for the rest of us that our trade union movement has grown so much in strength and power that today it can protect its 8,000,000

members and their families against the worst that even a Tory government can do. Their shabby treatment of school-teachers is the latest example. Where should we all have been, these last four years, with prices climbing week by week, if the organised workers had not had their trade unions to watch their interests all the time, negotiate new wages, and catch up with the cost of living?

The Tories urged you all through this year's election campaign not to think only about the rise in prices, but to remember the rise in wages too. Well, for once I agree with them. Let's remember the wage increases and remember who got them, too. And don't let's forget that we should all have been better off if the Government had used its powers to keep the cost of living steady. That's the way to 'mend the hole' in the housewives' purse—and they haven't done it.

Is there nobody, then, who can see any hope of doubling his standard of living under the Tories? Indeed, there is. Investors and anybody who lives on profits have been doing very well. Dividends have gone up by thirty per cent. within a year—nearly a third. Maybe they won't go up as fast as that every year, but, if they do, investors won't have to wait twenty-five years for their standard to be doubled. They'll get there long before the rest of us.

And the same goes for the monopolists. After all their talk about using competition to bring down prices, the Tories have taken no effective steps at all to restrict monopolies and price-fixing arrangements. Every local authority knows that for certain types of work it is a farce to ask for tenders—because too many of the tenders come in marked with exactly the same price. The monopolists prefer not to take a chance on Mr. Butler's twenty-five years. So they've got together now to raise their standard of living, and it all helps to bring yours and mine down. So does raising the rate of interest as the Tory government has done. The result is that when a local authority is borrowing money today, you and I, as ratepayers, have to pay 35s. in interest where in 1951, under a Labour Government, we would have paid only 30s. Similarly, we have to pay more if we're buying our own homes. Today, the repayments on a house—say a £2,000 house on a twenty-year mortgage—are 10s. a week more than in 1951.

Now, what's the basic element in everybody's standard of living? What's the first thing we all need, rich or poor? It's a home to live in. What has been Mr. Butler's contribution to that? It's simple enough. The Conservative Government have quite deliberately made it more expensive—much more expensive—for the young married couple, or the young man and woman about to get married, to buy and furnish their own home, and they're going on, in their new Housing Bill, to make it more expensive for them to get a council house. Now this is vitally important to all of you. For years now, the only thing that has kept council house rents anywhere within range of the ordinary man's purse has been the subsidy on house-building. And now the Tory Minister is going to cut the subsidy on new council houses and has said that he hopes in a few years' time to get rid of it altogether. When that happens, apart from what's called 'overspill', the main subsidies will

* Broadcast on December 14, when the new Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party was elected

be for slum clearance and these subsidies stay only because private enterprise is not prepared to clear the slums and build houses to rent.

Now it's time the slums went, heaven knows. All the overcrowding, the decay, the filth, the unsightliness have been a blot on the good name of this country from the Industrial Revolution onwards, and the sooner they're cleared the better. But if a local authority wants to go in for new building as well as slum clearance, then, because of the Government's policy, it must raise rents of all council houses in its area. And that won't be the end of the rent increases, for the Minister of Housing has made it quite clear that he intends to review the Rent Restriction Acts. When he does, 6,000,000 householders will have to pay higher rents. Now just look at what that means. If they're going to double the standard of living in the next twenty-five years, the Government needs the goodwill and the productive energy of the young men and women. So they start out to get it by increasing rents and cutting down new housing, and so depriving these young people of a home.

The real way to double our standard of living is Labour's way—planning the use of the nation's resources, keeping up full employment and making sure that everybody gets a fair share of what's produced. It means giving everybody, workers, technicians, and managers, the feeling that they're part of the national team, working to a plan, for the good of all. That was Labour's way and it worked. Britain's production increased during Labour's period of office nearly twice as fast as under the Tories.

That is what we want: to raise the standard of living, not only for a privileged few but for the whole of the population of these islands. Indeed, we must get on faster with this plan for prosperity, because we have to do so much more in the coming years than just double our own

standard of living as quickly as we can. We have to be ready now to share some of our prosperity with others. Fair shares at home are not enough. Fair shares in the Commonwealth and fair shares in the world are essential if our consciences are to be clear, and peace ensured.

I do hope you noticed what I said there. We have to think of our consciences and of peace. These are the two reasons why we must share with others whatever prosperity we can achieve. As Mr. Attlee said during the election, 'Sound economics and sound ethics march together'. We must do it first because it's right. We cannot live by ourselves. We have to play our part in helping, with money, capital goods, and technical advice, the hundreds of millions of our fellow men and women who live on or below the edge of starvation, in the underdeveloped countries of the world.

But there's another reason, too, for helping these people who need help so much. It's one of the ways to bring peace. The Russians have started a great campaign to sell goods and communism at the same time, throughout Asia today and no doubt Africa tomorrow. We may all laugh at the antics of Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin in India and Burma. But they know what they're after. In India, Burma, China, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Egypt, and a great many other countries they are sending tractors, ploughs, steel mills, machinery, and thousands of technicians. With them go propaganda—propaganda for communism. With them go the assurance that it is only because Russia has a communist system that she can produce enough to help others. It's not true, of course. The western countries can and do produce much more than Russia, and they have already given away ten times more than Russia can afford to give away for a long time yet.

But that's no reason why we shouldn't accept

the Russian challenge. Which would you rather have, a war of conquest or a war of ideas? Which would you rather fight with, guns and bombs, or aid and technical advice? I don't really need to ask for the answer to that question. I know, and you know, that the only war in which it's right to be the aggressor is the war against hunger, poverty, ignorance, and disease.

Well, we're being challenged to fight it now. 'Let's compete', says Mr. Khrushchev. All right, let's compete. We can't do it alone, of course, because we're no longer the richest country in the world. But we are one of the richest, and there are two things we can do. We can help and we can take the initiative: as we did when Ernest Bevin was Foreign Secretary—and indeed even in Winston's time. But not with this Government of pigmies. No other country is in a position to do so. France is in the middle of a general election, and America, too, is starting the long-drawn-out campaign for the presidential election. But Britain's hands are free. We can take the lead in this new kind of war—a war with two aims; to bring health and prosperity to others and to prove, as we do that, that democracy too can deliver the goods.

That is Labour's aim, at home and abroad. It calls for courage and a spirit of adventure, for discipline and initiative, for willingness to try new ways in production at home and new ways of fighting the oldest enemies of mankind abroad. It means starting, as soon as Labour gets back into office, to plan our resources for plenty, to share them fairly among all our own citizens; and to use them to bring peace and understanding to the world.

The party political broadcast by the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will be printed next week.

Letters to the Editor

The Retirement Pension

Sir,—Dr. Abel Smith in his talk on the retirement condition and earnings rule for state pensions (THE LISTENER, December 8) maintains that the problem is mainly a financial one. This is certainly not evident from the points he raises. There is the matter of social justice between those in receipt of state pensions and those in receipt of occupational pensions. There is the need to facilitate gradual retirement from work, and also the need to expand the supply of labour.

These considerations might well outweigh any financial difficulties, but is the financial aspect really so gloomy? Those who now stay at work after sixty-five earn increments to their pension which largely offset the saving to the 'Fund' caused by their postponement of retirement. The enquiry by the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance on 'Reasons given for Retiring or Continuing at Work' showed that 60 per cent. stayed at work after sixty-five, and 21 per cent. were still at work at seventy. Thus the cost of substituting 'old-age' for 'retirement' pensions would be far less than is often supposed. Further, 50 per cent. of those taking pensions at sixty-five said they did so because of ill-health. If this is true, then the cost for this group will be the same whether they are given retirement pensions, old-age pensions, or sickness benefit.

Most important of all, however, from the economic aspect, is the gain to the community that would accrue from an increased labour

force. It seems a little odd, to say the least, that policy on one hand should be to encourage more people to work, while on the other hand those over sixty-five are encouraged not to do so.

Finally, was not the Royal Commission on Population right when it stated that 'a prolongation of the period of capacity for work is a natural counterpart of a prolongation of the period of life'?

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 13 J. B. CULLINGWORTH

Devon Painters

Sir,—In eighteenth-century 'Conversation pieces' any fat man of about the right age will pass well enough for Dr. Johnson, so great is the credulity with which tempting identifications are received; but really, Sir, it will demand more than the faith that removes mountains to accept Mr. Vivian Ogilvie's assurance that the 'Conversation' by Hayman reproduced from the Exeter Museum, in THE LISTENER of December 15, represents Sir Robert Walpole and family—with 'little Horace' already turning his sharp eye on the world'. How nice to believe that, but it won't do: when the picture was painted Horace's eye had been so turned for quite a long while: he was born in 1717, and was by then about thirty years old.

We know nothing about Francis Hayman before the early 'forties, save that, according to Lord Radnor writing in 1741, he had 'foiled away many years' painting for the playhouse.

A versatile, prolific artist, nearly all his fairytal numerous 'Conversations' date from the period of his greatest activity, the decade 1745-55. On the evidence of costume alone, the picture you reproduce may confidently be dated well on in the 'forties. Its claim to represent the ex-Prime Minister, his wife and fourth son, Horace, may be disposed of quite briefly. 'Sir Robert, here shown as a bluff, portly man in his prime, was then in the late sixties; Catherine Shorter, his beautiful first wife, who is supposed to be the lady, had died in 1737; Walpole had married his mistress, Maria Skerrett, and became a widower again within little more than a year of Catherine's death.

So much for the so-called 'Walpole Family' at Exeter: equally apocryphal is the 'Sir Robert Walpole in Hayman's studio' at the National Portrait Gallery (Cat. No. 217), for which it was purchased in 1866. Of this picture Professor Waterhouse (reproducing it in *Painting in Britain* and accepting the identification of Walpole) writes that it 'cannot be later than 1745', in which year Sir Robert died at the age of sixty-nine. The gentleman seated in the arm-chair close to Hayman at the easel is certainly the same sitter and of about the same age as the portly man standing in the Exeter 'Conversation'. His costume is almost identical, while a chair of the same unusual pattern is introduced in both paintings. If he is not Walpole in the one, then he cannot be in the other.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

RALPH EDWARDS

'Persian Oil'

Sir,—It is with mixed feelings that I prepare to cross swords with my old chief, Sir Reader Bullard, whose qualifications to speak about the recent history of the Middle East are so widely known and respected; for his criticisms of my recent book *Persian Oil* (THE LISTENER, December 8), will be seen on closer examination to be not only irrelevant but entirely without substance. Let me take them one by one.

1 (a). There is not the slightest doubt that both the intention and the practical effect of Article XIII of the Russo-Persian treaty of 1921 were as I have stated—to prevent the grant of concessions in north Persia to a third power. The slight difference of wording to which Sir Reader draws attention in no way affects this point.

1 (b). Sir Reader asserts that the treaty gave Russia the right to send troops into Persia only in the event of 'any movement to restore the Tsarist regime'. I am afraid that the limitation was by no means as strict as that. Rothstein, the Soviet minister, wrote to the Persian Foreign Minister on December 12, 1921:

Articles V and VI are intended to apply only to cases in which preparations have been made for a considerable armed attack upon Russia or the Soviet Republics allied to her, by the partisans of the regime which has been overthrown or by its supporters among the foreign powers which are in a position to assist the enemies of the Workers' and Peasants' Republics and at the same time to possess themselves . . . of part of the Persian territory, thereby establishing a base of operations for any attacks . . . which they might meditate against Russia or the Soviet Republics allied to her. [My italics]

This passage obviously leaves scope for the widest interpretation, especially to Soviet statesmen. It does not affect the point I was making in my book—that America was afraid in 1951 that, if Britain sent troops into south Persia, Russia would invoke the treaty to do the same in the north. And why should Sir Reader say that my analysis of the treaty is 'to the advantage of the Soviet Union'? All he is proving is that the Russians did not exact such harsh terms from Persia as I had made out.

2. For a summary of the 'assurances' given to Sheikh Khaz'al I cannot do better than quote from Sir Reader's own book, *Britain and the Middle East*:

H.M. Government had given him assurances not only of protection against any foreign power but of support in obtaining a satisfactory solution in case the Persian Government should encroach on his jurisdiction or recognised rights or his property in Persia.

The only conditions were that the Sheikh should follow British advice, and that he should remain loyal to the Shah. History does not yet tell us whether he observed the first; but in 1924 he certainly regarded himself as more loyal to Ahmad Shah than the Prime Minister, Reza Khan, who within twelve months was to depose both the Sheikh and his royal master. I am still, nevertheless, of the opinion that the British Government was well advised, in the changed circumstances, to consider itself no longer bound by these somewhat dubious assurances.

3. May I respectfully suggest that Sir Reader is splitting hairs? The fact of the matter was that Persia had only one consulate in Britain, and that the Persian Government's action in 1952 ensured that in future Britain had only one in Persia. That, to the historian if not to the diplomat, is about as near to equal status as one can get.

4. Perhaps to put Article XXI of the 1933 concession into its proper perspective, we should quote not only the reference to annulment, but also the preceding sentence:

The Company formally undertakes to have regard at all times and in all places to the rights, privileges, and interests of the Government and shall abstain from any action or omission which might be prejudicial to them.

The Persian Government claimed that the A.I.O.C. had constantly violated this clause, long before there was any talk of nationalisation.

5. At this point I must charge Sir Reader himself with tendentious reporting of what I wrote. Here are my two sentences referring to the part played by Kashani and Zahedi during the war:

Kashani: 'On June 17, 1942, however, he was arrested by British agents on a charge of collaborating with the German fifth column in Persia . . .'

Zahedi: 'In 1942 he was arrested by the British Army as an alleged German collaborator . . .'

I nowhere suggest that these charges were ill-founded (unless Sir Reader is cavilling at my over-cautious use of the word 'alleged' in reference to a man who was Prime Minister of a friendly country at the time I wrote!)—indeed, it is common knowledge that many patriotic Persians miscalculated in their choice between the two warring European power blocs, for neither of whom they had the least affection. But your readers, Sir, would hardly guess from what Sir Reader writes that I was severely criticising Zahedi's political role throughout the oil dispute.

6. In a discussion of the relations between Persia and Russia in 1946, it seemed hardly relevant to refer to Britain's unimpeachable correctness in evacuating the last of her troops on the due date. As for Russia's behaviour, I made the following by no means obscure references to it:

It seems clear that his [Qavam's] only motive in signing it [the Qavam-Sadchikov oil agreement] was to hold off the Russians for the time being, to secure the evacuation of their forces . . .

The Russians, who had eventually evacuated their troops in May after securing their oil concession, made no move to counter Qavam's action [sending troops into Azerbaijan].

7. The fact that the A.I.O.C., 'with the approval of the British Government', was supplementing its supplies to the oil areas, with wheat from Australia, does not affect my point that the A.I.O.C., in 1943 as always, was concerned with the welfare only of that small part of Persia immediately under its eye.

I do not think that I should comment on the personalities in the last paragraph, except to say that Sir Reader seems to have lapsed from his own canons of objectivity and good taste. For my own part, I would not like him to think that there was anything personal in my criticisms of British policy in Persia during the period of his own mission there. But he does also seem to be trying to label me as a pro-Soviet fellow-traveller. Let me make clear, then, by one quotation from *Persian Oil*, my attitude towards international relations:

A stable world can only be built on a foundation of independent, self-supporting and self-sufficient countries. A perverted conception of internationalism, that seeks to subordinate the interests of the individual and the minority to the claims of uniformity, may be no more than the prelude to the ultimate domination of the entire world by one international group, whose policy will be dictated from the top, and whose lust for power will be the only basis for law anywhere.

These strictures apply as much to Russia as they do to the West. The international oil cartel, and the financial interests behind it, are only one aspect of this world-wide struggle for power.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 10

L. P. ELWELL-SUTTON

Who Were the Etruscans?

Sir,—Your non-classical readers may care to know that, while the *Oxford Classical Dictionary* lists seventeen Dionysii, including Dionysios of Halicarnassus, there is only one Dionysus, who is a god. The name is cited, wrongly, four times in one paragraph of Sir Gavin de Beer's talk (THE LISTENER, December 8).

More misleadingly, Sir Gavin surely overstates our ignorance of the Etruscan language. Not only names but inflexions, numerals, and sundry common words are known.

Again, are not Villanovians more normally referred to as Villanovans? And did not the Greeks add a patronymic or deme-name to give a full name reference?

Lastly, it is fashionable and in part true to find the great motive for the composition of the *Aeneid* in 'the requirements of imperial propaganda'. But when Virgil died in 19 B.C. and the poem (against his wishes) was published, Augustus had still many years to live: it was not until after his death in A.D. 14 that his deification was decreed by the Senate. It is thus grossly misleading to say that 'the Roman emperor had then been made a god' when referring to the publication or composition of the *Aeneid*, although of course the cult of his genius was both possible and actual in the West during his lifetime.—Yours etc.,

York

W. P. McKECHNIE

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—Mr. Street's letter in no way exposes any weakness in Dr. Pevsner's comments on landscape gardening. Far from being a development of Le Nôtre's work, as Mr. Street seems to suggest, the English style was in conscious opposition to it. One suspects Chinese influence in certain parts of Stourhead, but, in spite of the ingenious advocacy of Osvald Siren, this is largely conjectural.

Even the Claudian layouts by Kent, which Mr. Street rightly emphasises, testify to a national attitude, for these were 'Italian' landscapes you could walk about in, not merely inspect on your walls. It was an English achievement, and no more a 'compromise' than 'Troilus and Criseyde' or 'Romeo and Juliet'.

If it is claimed that Kent assimilated his foreign inspiration less completely than Shakespeare or Chaucer, the case for the Englishness of landscape gardens is still secure. Their style was soon to be modified, on the lines of more trees and fewer temples, by Capability Brown, and it was this English version—respectful as few French, Dutch, or Italian gardens have ever been, towards the lie of the land—which was most widely adopted. As Brown's period of influence coincided with Enclosure Acts of unprecedented scope, innumerable properties, both large and small, were laid out in this manner. After a few years they had grown into outdoor studios for Constable and Turner.

It would be unwise to question Dr. Pevsner's assertion that such potent inventions are English 'in a number of ways'.—Yours, etc.,

Bradford, 8

LAURENCE KITCHIN

Sir,—Now that the hyper-critics and top-sawyers have said their say, may an ordinary rank-and-file listener—speaking, I am sure, for hundreds of other such—thank Dr. Pevsner publicly for having given us seven joyful Sunday evenings, and for increasing our self-esteem no end by showing us that we really could both understand and enjoy Reith Lectures (which we had come to doubt). He has proved that art-history need be neither ponderous nor dull, but on the contrary exciting and—fun.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.4

J. F. HORRABIN

When Is a Preacher Not a Preacher?

By NORMAN GOODALL

WHEN is a preacher not a preacher? The stock answer to this riddle is: 'Nine times out of ten'. A little hard on the cloth, maybe, but I suspect that anybody who has mounted the pulpit steps twice a Sunday for some years will admit to himself that the shaft is well aimed. It is a mysterious business, preaching; and the secret of it is elusive. For preaching—real preaching—is not just talking; it can become that, and often, I fear, lapses into that. When D. H. Lawrence wrote: 'The sermon rolled on vaguely in a tide of pregnant peace', one can imagine the kind of interminable pulpit talk to which he had been subjected.

'Sleep . . . Crept from Pew to Pew'

Similarly, I doubt if that eighteenth-century curate—Charles Churchill of Rainham—had achieved more than a very feeble and enfeebling level of talk when, in recording its effects, he observed: 'Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew'. Not that all the responsibility for what has been called 'talking in other people's sleep' should be laid to the charge of the much-maligned preacher. Some patients are more easily anaesthetised than others. Many worshippers enter the House of God with a predisposition to rest, and by the time the lights have been dimmed and the organist has echoed the preceding hymn with a few narcotising bars on the *vox humana*, the likelihood of the *vox dei* being heard has been considerably diminished. At that point I have seen many a man settle back into his corner-seat with arms folded and eyes downcast and an expression which said, in effect: 'If it's the Last Trump wake me; otherwise Do Not Disturb'.

But preaching—certainly the preaching that can cope with that—is not just talking. Nor is it rhetoric, though some of the arts of the orator and the skill of the rhetorician may be taken up into it. It was a shrewd observation which Mr. Pepys made after hearing one of the Rev. Mr. Mossom's sermons: 'An excellent sermon, only too eloquent for a pulpit'. This experienced taster of talk, with his special susceptibility to sermons, sensed on this occasion that the eloquence had run away with the preaching: the lesser element had hidden the greater. I would even add that preaching is not only teaching—though, of course, the teaching and preaching arts are members of the same family. In both there is instruction; the exposition, analysis, and elucidation of a subject; there is the stirring of interest in the matter taught and the quickening of the appetite for that truth of which all knowledge and all subjects are expressions.

Yet something else has to be said about preaching; this speaking from a place called a pulpit, before an open book called a Bible, and amidst exercises called Worship. For the place—the pulpit—has been designed as a place from which, while man speaks, God speaks through him. The open Bible is there as an instrument and reminder of words that proceed from the Word. And the inseparable setting of preaching is worship—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and intercession—exercises and attitudes of humanity which express our longing for the vision of God and our acknowledgment that we do not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

The Mystery of Mysteries

Not by bread alone but by Word, a word proceeding out of the mouth of God. We are here at the mystery of mysteries: the nature of the universe, the nature of God and the meaning of inspiration: this term 'the Word' touches the springs of all creative activity; the power that can affect the will, ease the mind, and bring a sense of being at one with the meaning of things. All this is concentrated in that phrase 'The Word of God'. The Word—behind those four letters lie philosophical and religious conceptions drawn from both the Greek and Semitic traditions, all made to serve the Christian affirmation that 'in the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God'. 'By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made; He spake and it was done'. 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt

among us'. And this Word made flesh said: 'The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life'.

Words that become spirit and life because they emanate from the Word: that is the ultimate secret of preaching. I believe, personally, that it is the secret of much else—of immortal poetry and revealing art, of all great achievements of the mind, whether in science or art, which are a disclosure of that truth which is the nature of things. It is the secret of the apt word, in the pulpit or out of it—apt not merely in the sense of being clever or diplomatic, but fitting the situation with an appropriateness emanating from truth itself.

'Ah, but it requires heaven-sent moments for this skill'. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Not even the most dedicated preacher can *command* the Word at 11.0 and 6.30 every Sunday all the year round. But it is belief in the Word which causes a man to 'occupy the pulpit', as the phrase goes—the faith that whether or not he is allowed to know it, some of his words will be taken charge of by the Word and become for somebody the Word of life.

Every vocation has its own afflictions, from housemaid's knee to parson's throat, and the greatest vocations are subject to perils which threaten the very genius of the vocation. Habit, professionalism, a long succession of disappointments and frustrations, to say nothing about deeper maladies, can make the preacher heavy-footed as he climbs those pulpit steps, with verbal results even more clod-hopping: dullness, sameness, lack of anything new in idea or expression; his words have lost contact with the Word by thousands of miles. Do you remember Miss Monica Baldwin's savage commentary on a certain parish priest?

How anyone could remain stationary at the stage of blameless mediocrity which he had apparently achieved was to me incomprehensible. . . . One felt as one listened to him that the Water of Life itself would dry into bone-dust if he so much as looked at it.

'A Flood of Clearness'

Sometimes this blight takes the form of a prolixity which just labours the obvious or keeps employing certain expository tricks on the assumption that this kind of thing is what is meant by preaching. C. E. Montague has a devastating passage in *A Writer's Notes on his Trade*:

You must at some time or other have groaned dumbly under a flood of clearness from the pulpit. First, the giving out of a text, as clear as noon, perhaps the words 'A city set on a hill'. Then the illumination of this heavenly lamp by setting out, all round it, pound after pound of tallow candles. From word to word of the text the hapless divine straggles onward, match-box in hand, 'A city, mark you. Not two cities. Not twin cities like Assisi and Perugia, set on its Umbrian Hill. Not one of those potent leagues of cities which shine in the storied page of history like constellations in the natural firmament. And yet a city. No mere village. No hamlet perched on a knoll, as the traveller today may see them in the Apennines . . .'. And so on and on till the martyred Christian below has to ask in his heart 'Shall I never hit back?'

The poor old parson has always been fair game for these accomplished craftsmen, and we need not take it too hard. But anyone who habitually uses words from a pulpit may well pray to be saved from dullness and ask that the lustre of the Word may again and again burnish his words.

'We are preaching dried-up sermons', an African once said to me. I could not help reflecting that this trait was not peculiar to African preachers. But it set me thinking; for the man was far from lazy and was himself worried about the rut he had got into. He was one of those Africans for whom education, in the formal sense of the term—even his theological education—had become stultifying rather than liberating. I am sure he had a book of sermon outlines, based on some of the classical models of the West. I forget whether he was a Methodist with the standard volume of John Wesley's fifty-three sermons, or a Baptist with a bunch of Spurgeon's best. Anyhow, he had learned, valiantly and painstakingly, something about theology, Biblical exegesis, and even the art called homiletics; yet, too much of

his thought about religion was cast in a mould alien to some of the deepest elements in his make-up. Like too many Africans whom we have educated theologically, I doubt if he was really taking his own vernacular and lending that to the Word. Contrast him with another African who was trying to expound the word 'holiness':

When copious showers have descended during the night and all the earth and the leaves and the cattle are washed clean and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass and the air breathes fresh—that is Holiness.

Showers . . . earth . . . leaves . . . cattle . . . dew . . . grass . . . fresh air: the things that he knew and talked about in his mother-tongue, these he had lent to the Word and the Word became all these things and dwelt among them, full of grace and truth, and the African beheld His glory.

I am not disparaging—for Africans or anybody else—the education that is called academic: nor would I speak slightly of the language of theology; in its own sphere and for its own great purposes it provides

the only vernacular in which to discuss the deep things of God. But life includes so many other spheres where other words and concepts and habits of thought are non-academic and non-theological in any technical sense of the term. And it is all these other habits of thought and concepts and words—the vernacular of life in all its ranges—which need lifting into the quickening power of the Word so that the Word of reconciliation, the Word of truth, the Word of life, may clothe itself in common speech and wing its way to common men. It is to this end that the preacher climbs these stairs and speaks, not from a platform or a lecturer's desk or an actor's stage but from a pulpit. And he speaks not to an audience but to a congregation, to men and women congregated because they know their need of the comfort, the truth, and the power of the Word.

'Ah me, there were great preachers in those days', so the story goes of a man who was nostalgically recalling to an old parson the pulpit power of the past. 'Yes', replied the parson, 'and there were great listeners, too'. I wonder if the Word was behind those words?

—Third Programme

Gardening

Protecting Tender Plants in Winter

By F. H. STREETER

Do not delay the protection of the tender plants, I mean those on the border line, especially if you are on a heavy soil. With Christmas thoughts uppermost in one's mind these tender plants are often forgotten until they have been damaged or even killed. The hydrangeas, for instance: just a little straw or old bracken placed over the roots and up amongst the branches will often make all the difference to next year's display of flower. The *Hydrangea paniculata* is much hardier. This is the kind you prune hard back in the spring. So do not mistake them. If you want a plant to stand up above the rest in your beds or border, try this *Hydrangea paniculata*.

If you have acacias growing against the walls of the house or buildings, it is best to cover these right over with some hessian or canvas. Whatever you use, fasten it tight against the wall because acacias cannot stand frost. Should they get frosted and lose their foliage, do not panic and cut them down. Let them alone for a while and you will find they will throw up young growths from the base. If you want a really good useful plant for the back wall of a greenhouse or a cold conservatory, these acacias are the very plant. There are several varieties which will form a succession. I notice the first of them have been in the florists' shops for several weeks.

The sweet-scented verberna or, to give it its proper name *Lippia citriodora*, needs protection round the base. Frost will kill this plant outright, even though its stem is several inches through.

Do not forget the fuchsias. Leave the growth; do not cut that down until about April. Cover the crowns of the fuchsias to a depth of four inches with ashes or sand, not wood ash—that runs together like a lot of soap in wet weather. (Bracken will answer just as well.) This is to keep the fleshy roots from freezing. Do not misunderstand, and think you can leave out any fuchsias grown in pots, just covered over. They

must be placed under cover in a frost-proof shed or frame, and kept perfectly dry at the root. Give them a good long rest. In cold soils myrtles need a bit of protection, too; they are not absolutely hardy. You should tie straw or bracken over the branches. Make a neat and secure job of it; you do not want the first gale that comes along to blow the lot away and make the place untidy.

Veronica hulkeana is another tender shrub on the border line. This

is a lovely, light-mauve flower—often grown as a pot plant—one of the best veronicas we have, I think. Grown up close to a south wall in a nice bed of leaf soil it makes a beautiful plant, and is good for cutting to take indoors. Like the acacias, it will stand fairly heavy protection.

A plant that grows in a damp position also needs a little help. It is called *Gunnera manicata*. It has an enormous leaf, like a giant rhubarb leaf. The crowns push up every spring. When cleaning up fallen leaves in the autumn from the trees, place a heap of about a foot of leaves over the crowns and thatch the whole with these big leaves of gunnera over the top. These leaves will

have parted from the stem, so you do not have to pull them off. If you have a swampy place or some water in the garden do plant a gunnera.

Two brief reminders. Top-dress the lily of the valley bed with sifted leaf soil. Watch your pinks and violas in the garden: mice may have started eating their way into the centre of the plants.—Home Service

Two useful little books for the amateur gardener are *Roses* by Roy E. Shepherd, and *Lawns* by John D. Bernard, published by Heinemann at 4s. each.

Sir Stephen Tallents' pamphlet, *The Projection of England*, which first appeared in 1932, has been republished by the Olen Press for Film Centre, Ltd., price 5s.



Gunnera manicata: 'If you have a swampy place or some water in the garden, plant a gunnera'



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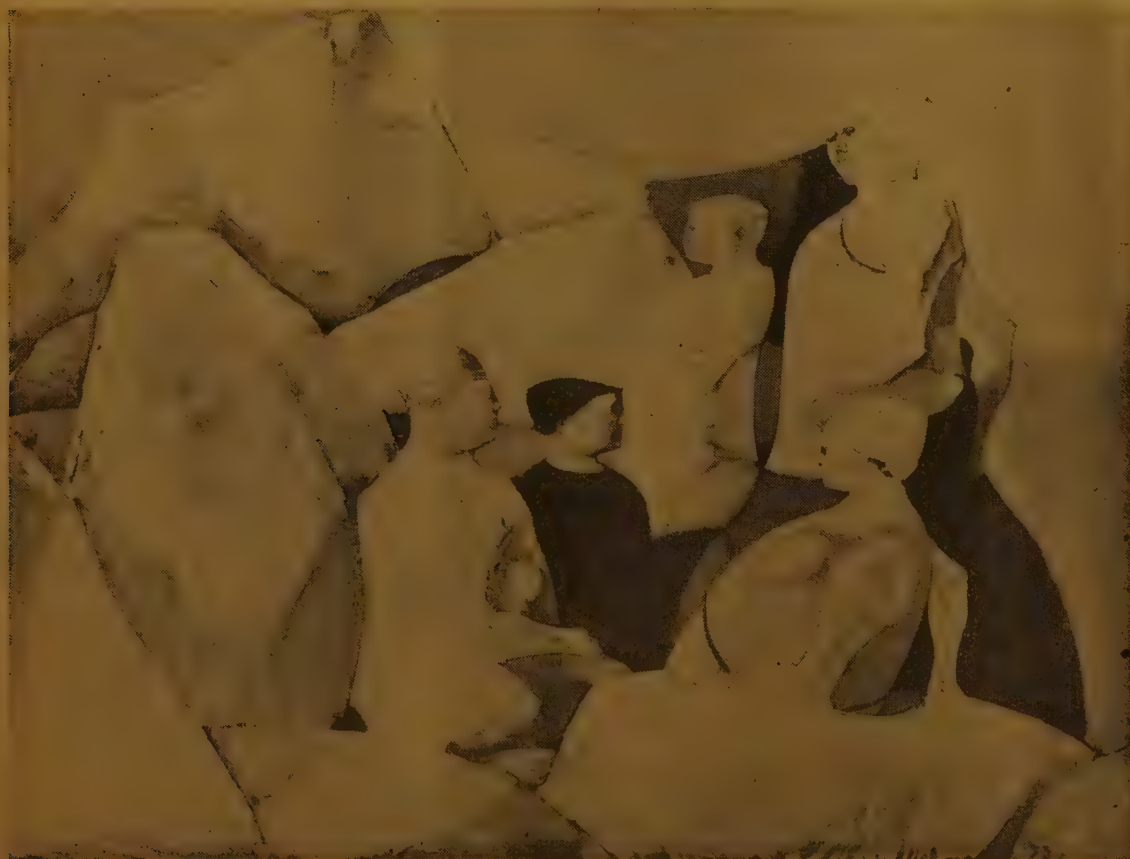
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Two London Art Galleries



Above: two drawings from the exhibition of drawings and etchings by Tiepolo, father and son, at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. On the left, 'A Monkey on a Chain and Two Skeleton Monkeys Playing by a Wall', by Giandomenico Tiepolo (1727-1804). On the right, 'The Holy Family Under a Tree with St. Joseph Standing at a Pedestal', by Giambattista Tiepolo (1696-1770)

Left: 'Femmes parmi les Rochers', from the exhibition of paintings, gouaches, and drawings by Leonardo Cremonini, at the Hanover Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Young Samuel Johnson. By James L. Clifford. Heinemann. 30s.

IT IS NO EXAGGERATION to say that this book is a necessary supplement to Boswell. Professor Clifford, of Columbia, author of the standard life of Mrs. Thrale (Piozzi) and the enthusiastic editor of the *Johnsonian News Letter*, a periodical valued by all interested in the eighteenth century, realised that, for most readers, mention of Johnson called up the lumbering figure of the moralist. The best descriptions, the best portraits, are of later years. What of his early life and the light it throws on his nature and development? Boswell tells us something, but Johnson was chary of revealing his early life even to Mrs. Thrale. Much material has emerged since Boswell wrote. It is Dr. Clifford's signal merit that he has read everything bearing on the subject—established texts like *Thraliana* and the *Anecdotes*, random books and scattered scholarly papers, and (remembered in his dedication to Laithwaite and Reade) patient searches among local records and family histories. Not only read, but digested, so that one is immediately aware of his mastery in the vividness of the telling and the perspective imposed on this story of Samuel Johnson from his birth ('a poor diseased infant, almost blind') to the publication of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in 1749 in his fortieth year.

This may seem to some a late and arbitrary date, but with Tetty's death and the appearance of his best poem (bearing his name on a title-page for the first time) it might be urged that he finished his *Prelude*, his long and bitter apprenticeship to life and letters. Inevitably, though, there is less of absorbing interest in Dr. Clifford's later chapters. Most of us are acquainted with Johnson's London cronies, with Cave and the group he gathered for *The Gentleman's Magazine*, of which Johnson was a mainstay, writing hackwork conscientiously for his less-than-meagre living. Occasionally, perhaps, Dr. Clifford is tempted to overpraise some of those mediocre writings. Might not the *Lives* written for Cave's magazine be blamed rather than praised for their anticipation of the essayist, for the something sententious in Johnson's style, starting with the mere filling of space when lines meant money? Must 'large sections of the Lilliputian debates be considered as creative literature' because they are fanciful bunkum? Is the *Life of Savage* 'a landmark in the development of the art of biography' or a slovenly document, hastily written to catch the market?

It is the earlier chapters that fascinate and excite. The revealing account of Lichfield and the society into which Johnson was born 'deaf in his left ear, almost blind in the left eye, afflicted with tubercular glands', is a solid background to his boyhood and youth. Despite his physical disabilities he had many advantages. His father, fond, insensitive, progressively unprosperous, was yet a leading citizen and a bookseller widely known. For his mother, still dimly seen, he had more affection than Dr. Clifford allows, if his last letters to her mean what they say. His brother Nathaniel becomes a little less an enigma. He made his mark in an excellent grammar school. As a young man, less forbidding as a person, he had the good fortune to win the interest of his fine cousin, Cornelius Ford (former Cambridge don and man of wit and fashion) and of the polished scholar, Gilbert Walmesley, living in the bishop's palace. Through them he had glimpses of the wider world and literary London. The collapse

of his Oxford course (though he was happy enough while money lasted) was a central disaster. From it stemmed years of unhappiness. If his marriage to a widow with a small fortune twenty years his senior was a love-match he should have known better. But there is no space to pursue one's sympathy with Tetty, neglected, raddled, drinking strong waters in dismal lodgings.

The book is illustrated (is there firm authority for Tetty's portrait?), fully and admirably documented. Sometimes one may quarrel with the author's use of the novelist's device, and regret how widely the unJohnsonian weed 'colourful' is spread. Is 'pretentious' (page 281) the word to apply to the Gough Square house?

English Drawing. By Geoffrey Grigson. Thames and Hudson. 30s.

It is certainly a pleasure to possess this book. Drawings reproduce well and here are good reproductions of drawings most of which are good. They leave us with a more intimate love and understanding of our native painters, of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Stubbs, Alan Ramsay, Sickert, Gwen John and many others. This sentence is perhaps sufficient in the way of praise and of description. If the reviewer goes further and proceeds to discuss the scope, the nature and the fundamental assumptions of this book, it is not simply because it deserves more space than would be supplied by so brief a review, but also because the author invites a very strict examination of his intentions.

The fact that we have, in most cases, been given the best-known drawings of British artists, that little attempt has been made to surprise us by the presentation of new or little known works, is perfectly understandable if we take the title at its face value and suppose that we have here a complete survey of one aspect of British art. But this is not in fact provided. Many artists who have, for better or worse, achieved a reputation and exerted an influence are not represented, as for instance Burne Jones, Rossetti, Aubrey Beardsley and Alfred Stevens; nor are such minor illustrators as Du Maurier and Tenniel. On the other hand comparatively obscure draughtsmen—Grignion, F. H. Potter and C. A. Collins—find a place. Are we then to regard this book not as a survey but as an anthology? It is a possible view, although in this case the title is somewhat misleading.

But if this be so one can but wonder at the author's method of selection. On what principle does he include the gifted but amateurish sketches of Gerard Manley Hopkins and exclude the astonishing drawings of Harold Gilman? It is hard to say; but undoubtedly Mr. Grigson takes his own principles in a most serious spirit. How serious he is may be seen from his strictures on those who admire Alfred Stevens: 'Admiration for drawing of such men cannot be excused as a case of *de gustibus*, can only be condemned as a case of no gusto at all, of an incurable misapprehension of the energy, activity and substance of drawing, indeed of the substance of art itself'. One may share the author's feelings and still find his reasoning, no less than his style, totally unacceptable. For who decides which artists have that 'sacramentality' which makes them proper objects for the admiration of a man of taste? Obviously it must be Mr. Geoffrey Grigson himself, a Mr. Grigson delivering his pronouncements *ex cathedra*. Some degree of dogmatism, some bold assertions of value are inseparable from the business of

criticism, but an author who combines predilections so capricious—and seemingly so inconsistent—with the homiletic airs of a pedagogue in holy orders must not expect to escape ridicule.

Scotland Under Charles I. By David Mathew. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.
Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval. By Allen French. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

These two books, which handle different aspects of the same period, provide an interesting contrast, for while the first is the work of one who has, as it were, carved out his own path in the investigation of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the second book, though completed in 1946, was, in many respects, antiquated at that date. Dr. Mathew is certainly right in considering Scotland under Charles I, not as comparable with England under the same monarch, but as a continuation of the turbulent, semi-feudal state which had survived into the reign of James VI and I. It was a witch-hunting, rigorist society, ornamented by some picturesque gangsterdom. To give a balanced, or even readable account of such a society is a difficult task, perhaps rendered impossible by the poverty of that kind of contemporary material which lends itself to historical analysis; but the title of Dr. Mathew's book implies that the difficulty has been surmounted. At best, however, the book is no more than a regional survey, showing how Roman Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians were distributed, with a clear demonstration that, in fundamentals, Episcopacy in the north had more in common with the native Presbyterianism than with the alien Anglicanism. What gave some purpose to the workings of the Kirk and even of the nation was, as the author clearly shows, opposition to Laud.

Otherwise, it has to be confessed that, in many places, this book is little more than a genealogical chronicle, interspersed with details about architecture, and the contents of such libraries as the nobility possessed. Chapters such as 'The Life of the Magnates', 'The Gordons', 'The Northern Earldoms', 'Argyll', 'Hamilton and Lennox' may call for such genealogical detail, but a similar approach can be found in nearly every chapter of the book. This is an account, not of Scotland, but of the Scottish nobility, and some of them were very dull indeed. The balance and interest of the book might have been enhanced had Dr. Mathew spared some space for other and more general subjects, such as the semi-medieval Scottish Estates; the Scottish legislation, which provides good evidence of the social structure; the four universities, and their comparative place in European culture; and the Convention of Royal Burghs, the records of which give such clear evidence of those municipal restrictions which, for so long, impeded economic development.

The second book was the work of the late Allen French, a distinguished teacher at Harvard, who died in 1946, leaving an unrevised MS. which is now published by the care and solicitude of his widow. Its purpose is to describe those religious, social and economic conditions in England which account, at least in part, for the great migration to the west in the period 1630-43, and the foundation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. So far as the English side of the book is concerned, the reader is taken back to the days of S. R. Gardiner, with little regard to the many important monographs which

have appeared in the last forty years; moreover, the fact that the book is based mainly on the *Calendars of State Papers* does not compensate for this deficiency. Some readers may be surprised to find that Charles I is here presented, not as the defender of the poor against a greedy bourgeoisie, but as a selfish and faithless king, indulging in unlimited personal extravagance, while leaving unpaid the small fry, including the tradesmen who supplied the Court with necessities. Charles' financial policy—his 'protections', his rigorist enforcement of unjust monopolies, his complete lack of scruple in monetary matters—these things account for much of the insecurity and discontent which impelled many men to emigrate. And all this was quite independent of resentment against the proceedings of Star Chamber and High Commission. The book may do some service by emphasizing this, a discredited but not disproved interpretation. Mr. French's book is agreeably written and interesting to read, though sometimes over simple and even naive; it adds little that is new to the subject and repeats much that is old. But it can be commended to those who seek a short, readable account of the conditions at home which prompted so many to cross the Atlantic.

The Scrolls from the Dead Sea

By Edmund Wilson.

W. H. Allen. 10s. 6d.

In *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*, Mr. Edmund Wilson, the eminent literary critic, breaks fresh ground. First appearing in the pages of *The New Yorker* early in 1955, this has now been brought out in book form, with some amplifications, but unfortunately without the addition of an index.

Mr. Wilson has necessarily approached his subject at second-hand, as he lacks the equipment for a more fundamental study of the many problems raised by the remarkable discoveries of Biblical, apocryphal and sectarian literature of great antiquity which, beginning in 1947, are still continuing. In spite of the publisher's blurb, one may reasonably doubt the extent of the author's knowledge of Hebrew. For nowhere throughout the book does he show any real mastery of the Hebrew Bible in the original. (The interpolation into the text of a single Hebrew phrase in inordinately large type may be dismissed as a piece of vanity.)

As illustrating the serious consequences to the lay public, for whom the book is intended, of Mr. Wilson's inadequate acquaintance with the text of the Hebrew Bible, a single—but crucial—example may be cited. In *Deutero-Isaiah* 52: 14 (it is the chapter in which the Suffering Servant appears), the *Revised Version* translates: '... (his visage) was so marred ...'. Now the Dead Sea Scroll of Isaiah (I) has a reading different from that given in the Massoretic Bible, with the meaning of 'I anointed'. No one can fail to see its sensational theological implications. Mr. Wilson can scarcely restrain his emotions on encountering so momentous a variant (to which Professor W. H. Brownlee had previously drawn attention). But a critical investigation of the text shows how difficult it is to reconcile this new reading with its context. It is the *Peshittā* (the authorised Syriac version of the Hebrew Bible) which has the correct reading, and which the *Revised Version* rightly follows (it is plainly superior to that found in the Massoretic Hebrew Bible). Moreover, 'he shall sprinkle', in the following verse, upon which Mr. Wilson fastens with such avidity in order to support his argument, is suspect, as it does not sustain the parallelism of the verse.

The author is at pains to prove that the sect to whom the literature found in the caves by the Dead Sea belonged were Essenes, or an off-

shoot, and that the pseudepigraphical literature forming part of their library, notably *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, provides a doctrinal bridge with early Christianity. Neither of these theses is new. But the truth is that the new documents bristle with unsolved problems. We cannot yet place in their historical perspective the sect which owned the library. We do not know when the events recorded in the Commentary on Habakkuk took place (if indeed they did). We still cannot determine with any confidence who were the Wicked Priests referred to in the same document, whether they were Jason, Menelaus, or Aristobulus II, or others. We are still at sea about the real identity of the Teacher of Righteousness. We cannot even say whether the manual of strategy, *The War of the Children of Light against the Children of Darkness* (a strangely bellicose production to be fathered upon so pacific a sect as the Essenes), envisages a real or imaginary war.

Mr. Wilson has read up the obvious authorities for the Essenes like Pliny the Elder, Philo and Josephus. But he has neglected one indispensable source—the Rabbinic literature. Without taking the Rabbinic background into consideration, a discussion of these documents (most of them pitifully small) is bound to be one-sided. The author is impatient with the hesitation and reluctance which both New Testament and Rabbinic scholars have shown in studying the new material, and which he attributes (perhaps over-subtly) to psychological and theological inhibitions. A generation or two ago we had such giants as Charles, Büchler, Schechter, Burkitt, Samuel Krauss, and a host of others. Nowadays scholars with so wide a background and scholarship are far to seek. Until the whole of the material has been published, progress in disentangling so many baffling problems must necessarily be slow, and results provisional rather than conclusive (like the speculative ingenuities of Professor Dupont-Sommer, under whose spell Mr. Wilson has fallen). Admirably written as the book is, with all the characteristic qualities of Mr. Wilson's incisive prose, its value is much impaired by a lack of expert knowledge.

In Two Chinas. By K. M. Panikkar.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

As well as being a top-rank Indian diplomat and government servant, Sardar Panikkar is a very competent writer. He also feels some compulsion to write, for if it were not so there hardly seems any reason for this book. Set beside his other works, especially *Asia and Western Dominance*, which appeared two years ago, it lacks profundity—although it could not be called entirely inconsequential. Because his tours of duty as Indian Ambassador, first to the Government of Chiang Kai-shek and afterwards to the Communist Government in China, are so recently in the past, most of his activities in these posts are still locked within the secret files of the External Affairs Department in Delhi, and will not see the light of day yet.

He was in the extremely advantageous position, available to few, of observing from the top level the final days of Kuomintang administration, and of equating what he saw then with the early functioning of the Communist Government. Sardar Panikkar is a vocal Asian nationalist and it gives him much satisfaction that a great country like China has attained a state of complete self-expression. He is also a liberal minded man who, like his Prime Minister, sees merit in the western democratic idea, and it was with great disappointment that he witnessed the demise of the liberal element in the Kuomintang, crushed under the weight of corruption and nepotism.

After the flight of the Nationalists the author returned to India, and there he stayed until

Delhi recognised the new Peking Government. He returned as Ambassador to Peking and chose a residence outside the Legation Quarter, a fact which emphasised his non-conformity with previous western practice. It was not until the war started in Korea, and India took upon herself the role of peace-maker, that the Indian Ambassador's position became a key one.

Just after midnight on October 3, 1950, he was summoned to an interview with Chou En-lai. It was then that he was first informed that if the Americans crossed the 38th Parallel and moved towards the Yalu River China would be forced to intervene. Two weeks after, when the Americans had occupied . . . Pyongyang and were arranging to take over the whole territory, and there was no sign of Chinese troops in Korea, the Americans began to say Panikkar had been fooled by the Chinese. His warning, passed on by the Indian delegate to the United Nations, went unheeded. The result we now know was disastrous.

Mr. Panikkar writes very lightly of his two missions, but there is no doubt of their great importance in contemporary history. What comparatively little he is able to tell of them is fascinating, and it serves to whet the appetite for the full story when it is able to be written.

Against the Law. By Peter Wildeblood.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.

By adopting, on his release, a precisely opposite course to one considered by the Governor of Winchester Prison as inevitable, Mr. Wildeblood has earned the respect of every fair-minded person who reads his book. To the Governor's suggestion that he might find it convenient, after serving eighteen months for a homosexual offence, to live abroad, change his name, and behave like a furtive outcast for the rest of his life, he replied: 'If you will excuse me for saying so, sir, I think that would be a most cowardly course'. A victim of what for years to come will be known as the 'Montagu Case', he relates his experiences with a commendable lack of bitterness, self-pity, or anger. And his criticism of the law as it stands with regard to sexual acts committed in private between adult male persons, the methods used by the police when enforcing that law, and the appalling conditions in existence at Wormwood Scrubs—of which one has frequently been told—is unlikely to be challenged by anyone who, having calmly digested the indisputable facts, thereafter examines his conscience. Indeed there is every reason to suppose that many of the reforms suggested by the author would have the willing support not only of the Moral Welfare Council of the Church of England, but also of the Prison Commissioners.

Magnanimously, Mr. Wildeblood forgives the unorthodox behaviour of the Detective-Superintendent who, he says, searched his house without a warrant and managed to prevent him from seeing a solicitor until he had been persuaded to make a statement. The man, he assumes, was only acting upon instructions given him by the same high official who considered it his duty to have Wildeblood arrested, but not his duty to arrest the twenty-four other men similarly implicated; the inference being that Wildeblood alone having been associated with Lord Montagu, it was the big fish they were really out to catch. On the last day of the trial the Superintendent, over a gin and tonic, wished the accused 'good luck', as, a few nights before the trial opened, Fabian of the Yard had done. 'How ridiculous it all was!' is the author's comment; and he adds: 'It was quite possible that I might go to prison. And what would that prove? Officially that I was an enemy of Society, a criminal'.

In Wormwood Scrubs the author found no

reason to contradict the Earl of Huntingdon's statement in the House of Lords that the sanitary conditions in some of our prisons would disgrace a Hottentot village. He cites also the pitiful lack of heating facilities in the depth of winter, remarking: 'The Prison Commissioners, apparently, had adopted their usual attitude of pious hand-wringing and pleaded poverty'. But this plea is by no means an empty one, as anybody knows who has seriously gone into the matter. The real villain of the piece is presumably the Treasury, from whose parsimony in such matters it must be concluded that the conditions in which prisoners are housed is con-

sidered to be of very minor importance. Books like this one—though few of them are free from prejudice—are worth far more than the pleadings of any professional reformer.

An Illustrated History of Science

By F. Sherwood Taylor.

Heinemann. 25s.

Dr. Sherwood Taylor is known as a brilliant and lucid expositor of the history of science. In 1952 he gave the Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution and illustrated them by demonstra-

tions which repeated some of the great experiments of science. These lectures are now given in book form. In place of the demonstrations there is in the book a fine series of about 150 illustrations by a Royal Academician, Mr. A. R. Thomson. They are a nice set of pictures. They are well chosen and neither too conventional nor too bizarre in style. They add realism and beauty to Dr. Taylor's agreeable presentation of his subject. The combination of historian and artist has given us a very attractive book. It is well made in every sense, and may be strongly recommended to the general reader. It should in time become a classic.

New Novels

The Quiet American. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

A Fox Under My Cloak. By Henry Williamson. Macdonald. 15s.

THE *Quiet American*, according to the blurb, is the first of 'a new series' of novels by Mr. Greene in which 'religion plays little or no part'. I am not quite sure about the truth of this, or whether, if it is true, the news is good news. Mr. Greene has generally made religion seem extremely undesirable, like phthisis; and some of his theological excesses, such as the miracles in *The End of the Affair*, have been ruinous; but on the other hand, his religion has inspired his best and most distinctive work, notably (need I say?) *The Power and the Glory*, one of the few great novels of the past fifty years. *The Quiet American* is not explicitly religious. This means, among other things, that it is not dragged down by any Popish flim-flam; but neither is it lifted up by any positive spiritual vision. It is a good novel—extraordinarily able—but it is by no means another great one.

Mr. Greene is often said to be, like Pascal and Mauriac, a 'Jansenist'. In some ways he is closer to Kierkegaard. He seems almost, if not quite, to share the terrible existentialist conviction that one has to choose between religion and morality. He has in the past portrayed human compassion and moral sentiment as being not in harmony, but at odds, with the unremitting absolutes of God; like Kierkegaard, Mr. Greene took his stand on the absolutes, but there was always a terrific pull to the other side, and this tension, this conflict, gave his novels their drama and their force. In the new novel the conflict is, in every sense, more mundane. One might at first suppose it to be a conflict between a cynical humanist and a naive humanist, which the first man wins; but it is not even this.

The story is told by Fowler, an English war reporter in Indo-China. Fowler is not what Dr. Arnold would have thought of as 'a good man'; he smokes opium, he has deserted his wife and several other women, he has no religious faith; but he is a wholly sympathetic character, intelligent, courageous, kind. He loves his native mistress Phuong (he would indeed marry her if his Anglican wife would divorce him) and he 'hates war'. He sees the wrongs of the French administration, and the even greater wrongs of France's Indo-Chinese allies; but he also sees that it is either this sort of defective colonial government or communism. Pyle, an American whom Fowler meets in Saigon, thinks differently. Pyle believes in the Third Force of democratic nationalism which is neither imperialism nor communism. In his naive folly, Pyle recognises a bandit general as leader of this Third Force and supplies him with American arms.

Nor is this all. Pyle bribes the girl Phuong with a promise of marriage to leave Fowler and live with him. Fowler is broken-hearted. One day he sees a bomb which Pyle has supplied to

the bandits explode in a central place in Saigon. Appalled by the suffering he witnesses, Fowler resolves to act against Pyle. He gives the word to a communist agent, and Pyle is liquidated. Phuong returns to Fowler, but neither she nor the opium can wholly expunge his doubts and vague remorse.

Fowler speaks more than once of Pyle's being 'innocent'; and there is every sign that Mr. Greene had intended him to be such. But Pyle is not innocent. He is 'dumb', yes; he is 'a sucker'; but 'innocence' means purity of heart or soul or conscience, and this Pyle does not have. His fanaticism is wholly brutish (for he views with equanimity the carnage his bomb has caused in the place) and he has a highly developed gift for humbugging self-deception (well shown by his behaviour in relation to Phuong). For all his baby-faced 'idealism', Pyle's character is vastly inferior to that of Fowler, who is 'cynical' only on top and defensively. And this, I think, is why, in the last analysis, the conflict between the principles the two men represent is unexciting. Morality, intellect, feeling are all on one side; on the other side everything is bogus. There is no balance, and therefore no tension at the centre of the book; and this is its cardinal fault.

At every other level its merits are conspicuous. The terse, bleak style is remarkably effective. The character of Fowler is a triumph. The account of the war in Indo-China is vivid and gripping; and there is no political propaganda anywhere. But is there really no religion? Sometimes Mr. Greene seems to be saying (what his fellow *croyants* might wish him to say) that any faith is better than none. He does certainly suggest that the kind of scruples without faith which Fowler has is ill matched against the strong, unscrupulous faith of communism; but the central character of Pyle serves only to show that a foolish faith is worse than no faith. What seems to me more significant is the unspoken thought throughout the book that life without God is unbearable. I should certainly describe a novel with such an idea behind it as implicitly religious and not less religious than those writings of Mr. Greene's which make one feel that life *with* God is unbearable.

Mr. Henry Williamson is a novelist who deserves more recognition than he has as yet received. Like Galsworthy, he goes in for family sagas, and he leans heavily on social history; but he seems to me a better social historian than Galsworthy, by whom, I suppose, his market has been spoiled. Mr. Williamson knows and understands people of diverse social classes, whereas Galsworthy was quite incapable of imagining what it could be like to be anything other than *haut bourgeois*; and Mr. Williamson has none of Galsworthy's infuriating neutralism (which

pretended to be liberalism). *A Fox Under My Cloak* is about the adventures of Phillip Madison (whose earlier biography has already been related in four other novels) during the 1914 war. Mr. Williamson takes the Owen-Sassoon-Sitwell view of that war, which is, I believe, the right one: the soldiers on both sides are seen as decent fellows from whose mutual slaughter no good will come. Phillip Madison goes to the Front as a private at the beginning of it all, returns to become an officer, and goes back in time for the Battle of Loos. He cannot connect the business-as-usual life in England with what is happening in France. His main problem at home is that of being a lower-middle-class subaltern in a fairly smart regiment. He dreads the trenches, but the embarrassments of the class barrier prove to be, if anything, more painful still. Mr. Williamson's book is not anti-class in the sense that it could be said to be anti-war. His hero behaves badly enough to deserve the disapproval of his better-born companions; they are not blamed. At the same time the hero is seen to behave badly largely because he is afraid of disapproval, and he is not blamed either.

Mr. Williamson manages to be detached without being non-committal. He has set himself to record the inside as well as the outside of events, to give a narrative at once of private and of public things. The result is not a well-constructed novel, and the style is sometimes makeshift; but it is a genuine, wise, and continuously interesting book.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: *Pick of Today's Short Stories: No. VI* edited by John Pudney (Putnam, 12s. 6d.) and *Winter's Tales: No. 1* (Macmillan, 16s.) would both be very suitable for Christmas presents. Mr. Pudney's collection is altogether the more adventurous and commendable. It consists almost entirely of unpublished work by little-known or unknown writers. The stories are not uniformly good, but what is good is also 'different'. *Winter's Tales* consists mostly of stories which have recently appeared in *Encounter* or *The London Magazine* or which have been supplied by Macmillan's more celebrated authors. The favourites thus timidly selected run true to form and win. I liked Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's story best. *Brain Wave* by Paul Anderson (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) is well above the dreary average of science-fiction, if only because the author makes cosmic changes increase everyone's I.Q. from the norm to near five-hundred, with the pleasing consequence that the people in the book start thinking and talking almost as intelligently as people in ordinary fiction.

MAURICE CRANSTON

[Mr. Anthony Rhodes takes over the reviewing of novels from Mr. Cranston on January 5]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Past and Present

LONGLEAT, WILTSHIRE, provided the week's best programme in the documentary class. Pictorially, it was a great success, thanks in large measure to the carefully used cameras of a producer with admirable ideas of restraint in the midst of so much temptation to lush indulgence. He led us through the great house at a pleasant sauntering pace, pausing here to look at the family silver or an encased national relic, there to stand and admire the vista of one room seen through the doorway of another. For once, we were not made to feel like a charabanc party or a manifestation of the disease of the age which shows itself in morbid pangs of conscience about the people's rights.

That was the producer's diplomacy and the producer, I now see, was Nicholas Crocker, who has had a lot of experience of managing these outside transmissions and whose touch gains in assurance and tact. It was not his fault that by the time we had traipsed over the roof (which appears to have its own broad highway) and listened to the lady librarian, who spoke so well about the treasures around her, we could not escape the feeling that some secret virtue vanished from Longleat on the day that the first half-crown visitor appeared in the drive. Lord Bath himself told us that the half-crown the house might have suffered ruinous neglect. The crowd has saved it—and, in doing so, has touched it with the dead hand of communism with a small 'c'. In terms of dignity, our poor humanity's sum is much less than its parts.

In my ignorance I cannot say how graciously Longleat has been lived in or how much its hereditary occupiers have contributed to human happiness. At least, through its centuries it has been a home. Now it is a museum, and there are those who think that a fine and noble achievement of any revolution. The television programme pleased me so much that I am perfectly willing to send my half-crown, if Lord Bath will accept it. He was an ungrudging host to us gaping millions,

posing beside a portrait of his father to prove a remarkably close resemblance, holding up the bloodstained vest of Charles I for us all to see and dropping it unceremoniously back into its showcase. Perhaps here is the civilised solution of the dilemma in which he and his like are involved, that they should make television contracts and so dispense with the demeaning box-

pleasant half-hour of vicarious inspection at Longleat, the ancestors looking down from the walls, the regalia of a sumptuous past set out on the tables, the glimpse of deer racing across the park in the dusk.

Later that same evening, we were jerked back into the contemporary mood with bulldozer violence by a film called 'Road of Iron', relating the harsh pioneering epic of recent activities on the north shores of the St. Lawrence river in Canada. Longleat seemed farther away in time than in place. The earth shook with the furious energies of twentieth-century men. We saw them toppling mountains down, blasting forests asunder, changing the course of torrents, reshaping territories, to bring into the hegemony of capital and labour vast untapped deposits of iron ore.

Cinema-educated viewers with a passion for the tremendous may not have been impressed by either the scenes or the noise, which included some ludicrously pompous background music. In the home the effect was Wagnerian, an exhausting assault and battery of eyes and ears out of which there came the quivering voice of the commentator: 'Here they master-minded the greatest the rest being demolished by another man-made earthquake which made us tremble in our chairs. It was in keeping with the general scale of the enterprise that some of the board-room men whom we saw at an emergency meeting were conspicuously nervous in front of the film camera. As a demonstration of Canadian human nature it was prodigious.'

To misquote Wordsworth, between those kindred points of hell and home the programmes were not of compulsive appeal. A compilation of scenes taken during the production of Olivier's new film, 'Richard III', brought Sir Laurence, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, and other considerable players to our screens for fleeting moments. A fitful presentation of many talents, including those of the art department, the cutting room, and the wardrobe room, no doubt it served its appetising purpose.

Bedevelled by breakdown notices, which seemed to embarrass even the experienced McDonald-Hobley, 'It's Easy When You Know How' finally succeeded in parading before us a number of skills. Among them were Christmas card packing, label sticking (with the tongue), Fair Isle jumper knitting (without looking at the needles), and sausage linking, the last-named a repeat performance in response, we were told, to popular demand. Though none of them may have incited widespread emulation, all were interesting after their fashion; a change from parlour tricks, anyhow.

'The Modern Universe' series, in which Raymond Lyttleton, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been instructing us in current astronomical practice and opinion, was brought to its close on the note of rationalist pessimism. 'So far as we can discern, there is no purpose in the universe', a conclusion which has failed to daunt our local carol singers. The series may not have much reduced human conceit. It has



Building the 'Road of Iron': a film on this subject was shown in a television programme on December 14

National Film Board of Canada

office at the door. A pity, I thought, that Richard Dimbleby should greet the lady of the house with a perfunctory 'Hullo'. That seemed to be pointing the fact of social change a little too crudely even for this jaunty occasion.

Longer than is usual with television programmes, many of us will remember our



As seen by the viewer: 'At Home—the Marquess of Bath' on December 14. Left, Longleat, Wiltshire; above, portrait of Sir John Thynne who built the house in the sixteenth century

Photographs: John Cura

been valuable in other ways; first, I would say, in encouraging a new devotion to the poetic view of the heavens. The lecturer's intention may have been otherwise but he will hardly complain if his strictly scientific approach produces that result. What some of us also appreciated was his undercurrent of humour. It made the retreating galaxies seem like resignations from a cosmic club which the hydrogen bomb cads have put beyond the pale.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

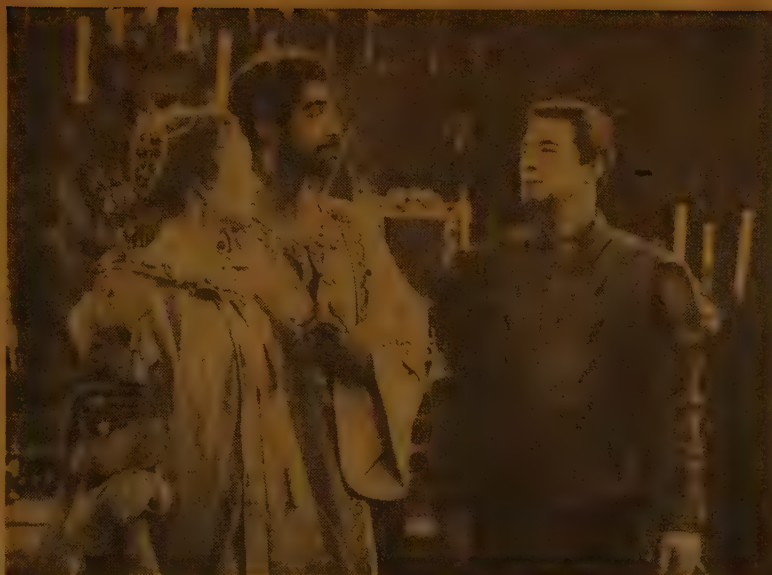
Blackleg!

VOICE ON THE TELEPHONE: 'What are you doing tomorrow morning?' Answer: 'Going to Olivier's "Richard III"'. 'Well, what about the afternoon?' 'Sorry, going to Old Vic "Henry V"'. 'Well then, the evening?' 'Television "Othello"'. The line goes dead.

It is true we are not starved of Shakespeare, as once seemed the case. There is, indeed, a reaction. Mr. J. B. Priestley has roundly called the Bard 'the biggest blackleg in the [play-writing] profession'. And he adds that though the odds against our producing another Shakespeare are great, the greatest of them is Shakespeare himself. But the odd thing is that still comparatively few actors seem to evince a natural ear for speaking his verse. It is quite usual to hear some leading player go from end to end of a fat part without once getting the stresses just exactly right. The difference between the way Mr. X delivers a speech and the 'right' way as exemplified by actors of the quality of Sir John Gielgud or Mr. Guinness does not go unnoticed either by critics or by the public but it is seldom held against Mr. X. Instead we read tributes about the verse in his mouth sounding 'new minted', and so on.

Of course, one does not want sewing-machine rhythm or the kind of intonation which sounds as if the speaker were playing back to himself a recitation made for a tape-recorder. But *some* rhythmic impulse must be there. The trouble is that sometimes it seems to confuse the sense. Take Hamlet's 'uncanonised bones' speech. Say 'Un-can-noan-ised' and nobody knows what you mean. Pronounce it modern style, but with the terminal 'ed' voiced, and you can sound affected. In Othello's final and heart-searching farewell on Thursday night, Mr. Gordon Heath said 'uncircumcised' in exactly the way it would be said in prose today. I found my mind checking, stressing it differently and wondering really and truly how Shakespeare spoke the word: Accent on one and three? Accent on the preliminary 'throat'? One can go on fussing for ever. And I did so, half the night.

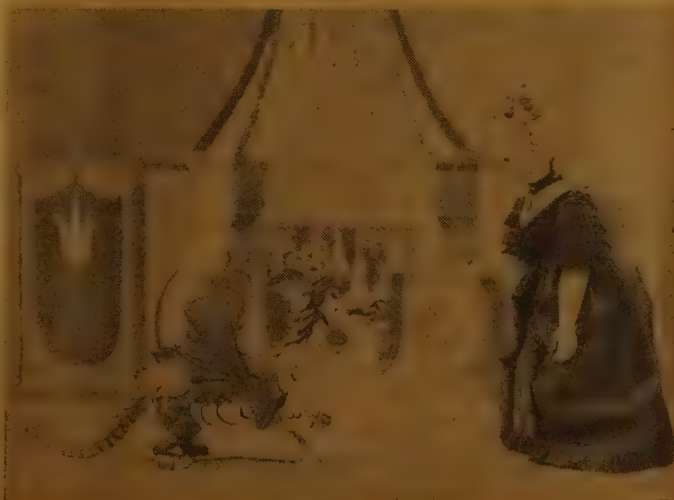
But fussing was happily not in this noble Moor's compass. I like Mr. Heath very much, I liked him on the stage in 'Deep Are the Roots' and on the screen as Emperor Jones. I was predisposed to like much of his Othello, which was as noble as an emperor of Abyssinia, beautiful in cast of visage (swinging earrings as big as Lady Barnett's) grave, vulnerable, and delicate in the finest manner of his race. That he should be duped was wonderfully believable—whereas so many white Othellos smeared



'Othello' on December 15, with (left to right) Rosemary Harris as Desdemona, Gordon Heath as Othello, and Paul Rogers as Iago

with soot and porridge look so guileful, we never understand how they can be so naive. But that such a man should offer to 'chop her [Desdemona] into messes' was not in like fashion credible. In short, while I missed the basic impulse in many of the lines, I missed precisely that elemental *dangerousness* which should be at the heart of this character if it is to make sense. Paul Robeson in a rage was terrifying: an elephant in pain. Mr. Heath remained dignified. I couldn't see him hurting a fly.

There were some very good points about Mr. Tony Richardson's production. The idea of picking the play out in black and white, with the least possible encumbrance of 'scenery' was well thought and well executed. The close-ups and the detail generally were mighty effective. Occasionally we missed something altogether as, for instance, what Iago did finally to kill Emilia. Occasionally a camera raced round to catch an expression and caught the face out of focus. But generally the play, for all of its cuts and textual amendments, was finely concentrated and nobly told. Paul Rogers is about the best Iago of recent times, and, as on the stage of the Old Vic, he made this incredible villain marvellously convincing. Indeed, his opening scene with Roderigo (James Maxwell) against the sound of slapping water (just so, today, it slaps the walls of the Schiavone) set the mood of the play so firmly we never lost it.



A scene from the Television Puppet Theatre's presentation of 'The Queen's Dragon' on December 15

This earlier part (and I think some later scenes, though all matched up well together) were not 'live' but filmed. I feel sure this mixture is a good solution of the problem of the multi-scenic costume drama. At any rate it worked very well here.

Reading preliminary puffs I had feared that the intention to use *musique concrète à la* Peter Brook might result in a barrage of squeaks, clicks, and thuds (always enough of these in television drama in any case), but evidently Mr. Richardson and Leonard Chase had remembered that a composer called Verdi had got in before them and swept the board as far as underpinning 'Othello' with music is concerned. So the noises we heard were discreet in the extreme and fulfilled all the conditions laid down in that letter published last week from the Television Service in answer to Mr. Pound's contention that music is spread like so much 'marge' on all television.

Reece Pemberton's designs likewise were admirably unobtrusive. Besides the aforementioned, Daphne Anderson as Emilia and Robert Hardy as Cassio were most vivid. Rosemary Harris was a gracious and calm Desdemona who moved us in the bedroom scene but, earlier, I thought seemed too little obviously in love. The short exchange with her father (Edmund Willard excellent) remained unrevealing. All in all, a distinguished event.

I will write next week of Zuckmayer's exciting play 'The Devil's General'. I wish I had space now to praise the charming puppets of 'The Queen's Dragon' for the children.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound recording

DRAMA

Dear Old Friends

'HELLO, REGGIE!—after all these years!' said the metallic voice on the telephone. Reggie was polite but puzzled, and few actors can be at once so puzzled and polite as Leslie Phillips can in awkward circumstances. In 'Not in the Book' (Light), Ian Stuart Black employs the familiar radio device of a sequence of telephone calls—we remember how Patrick Hamilton used it. This piece depends upon a wrong number. Reggie is at the receiving end, and at the other is a persistent, American-accented Doreen, who is sure that they are old friends. 'Have you seen Al?' she asks meaningfully. 'Did you know that Al was in London?' Reggie can hardly care less; but, being Mr. Phillips, he bears with her. The trouble is that his wife Susan (with the inquiring-kitten tones of Geraldine McEwan) is wondering about the caller. Doreen wants to know, exasperated, whether Reggie has told anyone that she is back. Reggie can say with absolute honesty that he has not.

Ian Stuart Black begins with enthusiasm here. The constant tinkle of the bell; the maddening voice of Doreen; Reggie's growing annoyance—everything leads us to expect some exciting development. Clearly the inventive Mr. Black will almost hurl us from our seats when he tells us what the trouble has been. So we listen, happily, to further calls, Reggie sleepily in the chill dark ('I've got a hold over you', threatens the distant voice; 'This is your last chance'), or

observing moodily to Susan that chats with Doreen are becoming a part of his life. Presently the woman gets on to Susan as well. It seems that if Reggie hasn't opened his mouth about Box Hill, then he won't have told anyone else. Box Hill? . . . it is getting madder and madder. Now we gather that Doreen, who has a small flat just off Marble Arch, is prepared to settle for £2,000, which is uncommonly kind of her. To this point, splendid. And then Mr. Black, instead of hurling us from our chairs, squeezes a damp sponge over us, or at least over me. The last ten minutes of his play seemed to a listener by now as exasperated as Reggie, to be a feeble get-out. Never mind: we had twenty good minutes, with performances by Mr. Phillips and Miss McEwan to sustain us, and a production by Archie Campbell, who appeared for the sake of the cause to have transformed himself into a telephone operator. In fairness to Mr. Black, his closing lines, though half-expected, are cheerful: we are left with the feeling that the whole crazy business may start again.

Other friends arrived in 'Just Fancy' (Home). There they were, two pillars of Cranborne Towers society, uncertain whether they were going or coming, whether they had kippers for breakfast or sausage-and-tomato, and whether their rendezvous in the shelter was this year, next year, sometime, or never. The voices quavered on endearingly. It was old age treated with affection—as it were, a slow wander on the lawn in a mellow evening. But it is, I suppose, wrong to be serious for even a moment about these old friends—they never take themselves seriously: an odd snuffle of indignation, no more. Always, as in the latest instalment, they are ready to admit that their memories are slipping rather faster than usual. Off they go together, arm-in-arm I daresay, boys of the old brigade, chuckling and waffling in an idiom to which Eric Barker and Deryck Guyler have delightedly accustomed us.

They are embedded deeply in Eric Barker's programme. The programme is produced by Charles Maxwell—that Variety at present can show. Last time we had, as usual, the Tudor Restaurant's instrumental trio under the shade of the potted palm. Mr. Barker's ear for prattle-and-giggle is faultless. Later in the programme he had a stern contrast between two generations of music-hall—the old singer wilting under the strain of having to change his material every twenty-five years or so, and the new one who can 'get 'em sobbing' no longer because he has had his six months' run. Nothing else for it; back to the coal-heaving.

Mr. Priestley, in a postscript to his Light Programme Festival, just ended, said that he preferred his plays to the novels. That's as may be, we reply daskly. Some feel that as an *Angel Pavement* artist he is at his meridian. It was sad to lose the serial adapted by Howard Agg (Light), to say goodbye to Twigg and Dersingham, and to Mr. Golspie (purred at us by James Hayter) as he faded down the river, Montevideo-bound. 'Plenty of money out there': Golspie must always be in the money, and that is where Smeeth will never be: we said goodbye to him at Stoke Newington. Besides these old friends we had the satisfaction—if that is the word—of meeting Mr. Gorstein in the flesh. As spoken by John Gabriel, he proved to be like an inflexible Cheshire Cat in business (vencers and inlays): sympathy was the only gift he could make, and we were surprised that he did not charge for it.

Colette's 'The One Who Came Back' (Third) was not especially radio-active, though Grizelda Hervey worked very hard as the sheepdog whose dream of war took her so far from the quiet drawing-room in winter twilight, the Persian cat, and the French bulldog: old friends all.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

An Earful

KNOWING THAT I must write and post these remarks much earlier than usual if they were not to be swamped in the rising tide of Christmas cards, I began my listening last week on Sunday morning. And, as it happened, there was no lack of material; in fact at one point in the morning and another in the evening there was too much—two programmes that overlapped and no knowing which would be the better of the two. I am partial to stationary travel, and 'Across the Caribbean' promised a welcome change from a wet Sunday in an English December. But Ernest Eytel's half-hour describing the first lap of his journey, 'Jamaica to British Guiana', would, if I went all the way with him, cut out the fifteen minutes of 'Life and Letters', No. 2, in which a choice of letters from husbands, wives, and sweethearts would be read by Marjorie Westbury and T. St. John Barry, with Martin Starkie as commentator.

I secured the best of both worlds by accompanying Mr. Eytel for half his journey, enough to discover that he has the gift, indispensable for a good radio guide, of describing what he sees in graphic and colourful terms, and enough, too, to enjoy a welcome dose of vicarious warmth and sunshine before switching over to the letter-reading. It included two revealing communications from Richard Steele to his Prue; a charming and amusing one from Faraday, the great physicist, to his lady-love, complaining that he is so tired and so busy that his attempts to express his love for her are hampered by thoughts of chloride, mercury, steel, and other incongruities; a lively one from Jane Welsh Carlyle to her absent Thomas describing their home in the grip of joiners, painters, and plumbers; and another from Elizabeth Montagu to her husband on the eighth anniversary of their wedding which gives the impression of an ideal marriage. This lady was, I suppose, the famous Blue Stocking of whom Dr. Johnson remarked: 'Mrs. Montagu has dropped me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by'.

Marjorie Westbury had no difficulty in executing the protean feat of changing herself from Dorothy Osborne into Mrs. Carlyle and from her into Mrs. Montagu, all in the space of a quarter of an hour, and her fellow-reader showed himself equally adaptable. This kind of programme is not only agreeable in itself, it has also the merit of suggesting some very good reading in the collections from which these letters are lifted.

Another suggestion for good reading was given in 'Talking of Books', the Sunday broadcast on the Home Service which is at present in the hands of Philip Toynbee. He does this sort of thing, whether in a broadcast or a written review, superlatively well, and his discussion of Lionel Trilling's new collection of critical essays called 'The Opposing Self' was itself a first-rate essay in criticism. Referring to Mr. Trilling's earlier books on Matthew Arnold and E. M. Forster, he showed how all three of them place literary criticism on a moral basis and insist that literature must never be divorced from life.

Three hours after my visit to Jamaica I found myself in Cardigan. 'Country Town' is a programme which occurs on Sundays while I am carving the Sunday joint, and mealtime in a civilised home is the time for conversation. Consequently I seldom, if ever, listen to this programme. But I was attracted by the little picture of Cardigan in *Radio Times*, and so the meal, by special dispensation, was postponed. In this broadcast J. C. Griffith-Jones introduced a few of the inhabitants of Cardigan to Hywel

Davies and the resulting conversations were recorded in the presence of a crowd of audibly appreciative townsfolk. The result was, inevitably, something of a put-up job in which the selected inhabitants spoke their parts with an eloquence that had a tinge of the theatre about it. For all that, it was a pleasant occasion, the more so because of the genial, musical quality of the local accent, and it left, together with Mr. Griffith-Jones' descriptions of the place, its history and past and present activities, a clear and attractive impression of this small ancient town with the ruins of its castle, its priory church, the old stone bridge over the river Teifi, and of a community which, when it has looked you over and found you worth knowing, is extremely friendly and hospitable.

And these four programmes are only a half of what I heard on that chilly Sunday, when to stop listening to the wireless was simply to continue listening to the rain.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Twice Sly!

WOLF-FERRARI WAS a skilful confectioner of ersatz opera buffa. His essentially synthetic style was less apt for tragedy. Listening to his 'Sly', which was given two performances last week in Dennis Arundell's English translation, I could not help regretting again, as I did twenty-five years ago at a performance in Cologne, that the composer had not given the tale of the drunken tinker-poet a comic ending, with Sly turning the tables on the noble Earl of Westmoreland by running off with his mistress.

The tragic ending of Forzano's otherwise skilful libretto, with the disillusioned Sly gashing his wrists on a broken bottle and dying in the arms of Dolly who arrives too late, seems palpably false and theatrical, because Sly's character as a poet, as a potentially tragic figure, has not been established in the earlier acts. The composer could not invent the music to embody such a character. What he writes is always well turned, but it is derivative and the melody never achieves a clinching, dramatic phrase.

The opera was performed with great spirit under Rudolf Kempe's direction, and to this result Dennis Arundell's work as producer, as well as translator, contributed much. And here I may remark that the narrative which preceded each act stopped short of describing what was to happen. We were supposed to learn that, as ideally we should, from the singers. Fortunately, the B.B.C. has resumed the publication of its series of opera-texts, but even with the words before me, much of what was sung could be heard only with the ear of faith.

Howard Vandenberg gave an excellent dramatic performance as Sly, and managed the difficult, hysterical monologue in the last act extremely well. His voice, however, was too hard and 'tight' to be altogether agreeable. Of the rest, the best individual performances came from Thomas Hemsley as Westmoreland and Roderick Jones in the lesser part of John Blake. But the whole ensemble was the strongest element in such success as the opera achieved.

The most important musical event of the week was the first performance on Tuesday evening of Sir Arthur Bliss' 'Meditations on a Theme by John Blow', composed for the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and played by them under the direction of Rudolf Schwarz. Commissioned works are apt to be a 'toss-up' nowadays. It was not always so; witness Mozart and Haydn. But, by good fortune, the commission reached Bliss at the same time as the *Musica Britannica* volume of Blow's Anthems, and, on opening the book, his eye fell upon the noble melody to which Blow set the twenty-third psalm. He took the psalm as the poetic

subject, and the melody as the musical theme for his new composition, which is symphonic in dimensions and scope, if not in conventional form. For it contains all the elements of a symphony—the dramatic clash of two ideas, faith in God and the evil which menaces it, whose resolution is the essential feature of symphonic form; and the variety of moods represented in the confident Allegros, the lyrical slow sections, and the delightfully gay pastoral Scherzo, sub-titled 'Lambs'.

Although, therefore, variation-form is the one to which the new work superficially belongs, it is more than a set of variations on a melody. Many composers of the present century, Sibelius and Rubbra in their symphonies and Elgar in his Violoncello Concerto, have worked

towards a supreme revelation at the end of a composition, either a great melody which gradually takes shape or some new synthesis of themes already heard which illuminates the whole meaning of the work. In Bliss' 'Meditations' both these things happen, for the individual sections are based upon fragments of Blow's melody which is not heard in its integral form until the finale after we have passed through the daunting Interlude ('Through the valley of the shadow of death'). So there is throughout the work an inner unity which gives it coherence. This structural solidity combines with the depth of thought and feeling, and with the beautiful orchestration, to make this work a true masterpiece—a word I am usually chary of using in relation to first performances.

The R.B.C. Symphony Orchestra has been for the past fortnight under the charge of Otto Klemperer, who passed the baton to Alfred Wallenstein at the end of the week. Klemperer is at his best in solid music. For he is apt to labour the lighter things. The scherzo of Beethoven's Second Symphony was a gusty affair, and Mendelssohn's fairies stumped about in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Overture. Klemperer was heard to better advantage in Brahms' 'German Requiem' (though the two soloists were not), whose large architectural forms and grim content were finely realised. Fauré's lovely and intimate Requiem Mass was beautifully sung in King's College Chapel, together with Schütz's Christmas Story under the direction of Boris Ord.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

By-ways of French Music

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Godard's 'Concerto romantique' will be broadcast at 8.20 p.m. on Christmas Day, Lalo's 'Symphonie espagnole' at 6.0 p.m. on Friday, December 30, and 8.0 p.m. next day (all Third)

THE music of Benjamin Godard belongs to the domestic *bric-à-brac* of the Victorian drawing-room along with the fretwork front of the upright piano and the uncomfortable little round stool. It had come from the French salons of the same period, also from the Opéra-Comique known then, significantly, as the *Théâtre des familles*.

As one sees his music now, the attraction of Godard's pale sentimentality was essentially a morbid attraction. He was some sort of a remote offspring of Chopin and Schumann, but almost gone to seed, and as such he no doubt offered a comfortable refuge for the more conventional aspects of domestic music-making before the age of the gramophone. A sign of his one-time popularity in England is that at his death in 1895 his last opera, 'La Vivandière', was immediately put on in London and Liverpool; while in Paris the ease with which his numerous operas had been performed during his lifetime was the understandable envy of his gifted contemporaries—none of them contains anything better than the 'Jocelyn' berceuse. His five hastily written symphonies, including the 'Gothic', the 'Oriental', and the 'Legendary' Symphonies with their lurid Pre-Raphaelite associations, were similarly performed in the eighteen-eighties. And this at a time when Ambroise Thomas, the aged director of the Conservatoire, could pompously declare to his assembled colleagues: 'Which of us would condescend to teach Symphony?'

Yet there is in the 'Concerto romantique', written under the influence of Godard's violin teacher, Henri Vieuxtemps, a grace of phrase and a languid period charm, particularly in the well-known 'Canzonetta' movement. Interesting modulations or breadth of structure are unknown to Godard, but the work can still make its slender appeal because of a certain *triste* indulgence. More precisely, it displays the effeminate charm of a composer of low vitality. I do not wish to appear apologetic. The fact is that Godard, like his admired Chopin, was a consumptive—a fact which I am inclined to think explains both his feverish activity and the niche which, like other consumptives in romantic music and poetry, he so readily found for himself.

There is certainly nothing slender about the many-sided personality of Edouard Lalo, the French composer of Spanish ancestry whose long life extends from the time of the youth of Berlioz to the zenith of the career of Debussy.

He was not productive throughout his life. A severe personality, independent and at the same time eclectic, Lalo was thoroughly indifferent to worldly success and at one time had no qualms about giving up composition altogether, only to return to it some ten years later with a revitalised outlook.

His work is not elusive, but it is difficult to place. He belongs nowhere, or he belongs everywhere. Lalo's affinities, in fact, some of them produced by chance, others apparently rooted in atavistic tendencies, link his work to almost every contemporary trend. In his youth, at his native town of Lille of all places, he was befriended by a German emigrant violinist who had played under Beethoven in Vienna, and later, as a member of a Paris string quartet, he was among the first to propagate Beethoven's chamber music outside Germany. At this period Lalo wrote several chamber works that reveal the connections between the German romantic composers and Fauré. Wagner, too, made a strong impact on him, evident in his opera 'Le Roi d'Ys', while in his sixty-fifth year he produced a thoroughgoing romantic symphony that might have been written by Schumann.

So far, the reader may gather, the Germanic allegiances of this Spanish-French composer were inclined to submerge any kind of originality he had. Originality was certainly there—the 'Two Aubades' are proof of this—but it might have been more effectively submerged than it was had it not been for his friendship with the Spanish violinist, Pablo de Sarasate. This friendship prompted the composition of the 'Symphonie espagnole', a much more authentic work than anything Lalo had yet written, and it was the 'Symphonie espagnole' which opened the way for his highly novel use of the Spanish idiom in his ballet 'Namouna'. It was in these Spanish works that Lalo ultimately found himself.

I think it is right to say that Lalo's work bridges, despite its eclecticism, the obvious gulf between the two giants of the French nineteenth century, Berlioz and Debussy. In his earlier orchestral works Lalo was obviously inspired by Berlioz' picturesque effects; while the ballet 'Namouna' brought such a demonstration of enthusiasm from the young Debussy that he was ordered out of the theatre. Clearly, the music of Lalo that foreshadows Debussy are the two Spanish works. The 'Symphonie espagnole' is still a rather conventional view of musical Spain. It is elegant, beautifully turned, delight-

fully orchestrated, and very happily written for the sensitive violinist Sarasate appears to have been. It is a most pleasurable work, but not provocative in its use of the Spanish idiom as Bizet's 'Carmen' had been a few years earlier. It is Spanish only in the sense that the contemporary painting of Manet is Spanish; that is to say it is a highly civilised work, the product of a cosmopolitan mind, more attracted by the graces of the French school than by the stark, primitive qualities of Spanish folk music. Actually it forms part of a trilogy of mildly exotic works by Lalo for violin and orchestra, the others being the less successful 'Concerto russe' and the 'Rhapsodie norvégienne'.

'Namouna', on the other hand, with its unrelenting, persistent rhythms and its wild fanfares on trumpets and horns uses the Spanish idiom in a way that suggested to a contemporary critic that he might have been listening to the brass bands of two circuses playing simultaneously. This opinion reflects at any rate the impact of the work's novelty. 'Namouna' is, in fact, a very powerful work, much bolder in colour than the 'Symphonie espagnole' and the work in which we may find one of the origins of Chabrier's raucous 'España'—Chabrier himself confessed as much—Dukas' 'L'Apprenti Sorcier', Debussy's 'Fêtes' and even Stravinsky's 'Petrushka'. It has the same relation to the 'Symphonie espagnole' as the painting of Van Gogh, let us say, has to that of Manet. Stark contrasts mark the use of orchestral colour, effects are deliberately gross, but the work is undeniably human, vibrant and alive.

From all of which the point that emerges is that Lalo in 'Namouna' produced a work that was calculated to restore life to the more faded aspects of French music. Wagner, of course, was later to do as much for French music, indeed much more. But Wagner's tremendous impact was almost to paralyse the native spirit. In the meantime this Spanish influence was at any rate more assimilable. And so it came about that Lalo was among the first of the late nineteenth-century French composers to show that music was not to remain a mere gentlemanly art, that the old battling spirit of the early romantic composers could come alive again, and that once the lemonade music of the drawing-rooms had been consumed, there was a more potent art ahead, which does in fact soon become worthy of Bernard Shaw's magnificent description of music as 'the brandy of the damned'.

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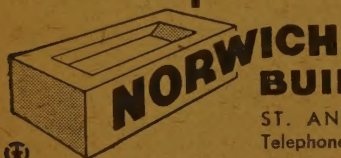
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

STUFFING FOR THE BIRD

I THINK SUGGESTIONS for one or two different stuffings may be useful, especially as we do not all have a turkey on Christmas Day. Many people prefer a goose or duck, and one hears some who say that you cannot beat a fine, plump fowl. So I have chosen two types of stuffing: one best suited to turkey or chicken, the other for goose or duck. Before giving the actual mixtures may I urge you most strongly to prepare them in time to stuff the birds about twenty-four hours, or at least overnight, before cooking. This allows all the flavours to permeate the flesh of the bird, and also to render it more tender.

For a large, fat fowl, take 4 streaky rashers of bacon, trim, cut small, and fry lightly in a pan. Add 1 lb. of sausage meat, 1 lb. of cooked chestnuts, peeled and chopped roughly, plenty of chopped parsley, a few pluckings of thyme, and a suspicion of sage. Do be careful of the sage: it is so overpowering, and many people find it indigestible. Add salt and pepper, then mash and stir in the pan with the back of a fork over a moderate heat. Add a good moistening of meal stock, stirring it in, also a couple of tablespoons of cooking sherry—it gives a subtle richness. You should now have an almost sloppy mixture, and this is where you add the binding of stale white breadcrumbs, just enough to make the mixture compact but still slightly moist.

For goose or duck the stuffing is made in the same way, the only difference being no chestnuts. In place of them you put good apples,

peeled, cored, and roughly chopped. You may wonder why there is no mention of onion. So many have said it spoils the stuffing. I do not always agree, and put a little, finely chopped with the herbs, and, in the case of duck or goose stuffing, I add also a tiny piece of crushed garlic. But that is a question of taste. Before putting the completed mixture in, dust the inside of the bird with salt and pepper, push in a small walnut of butter or margarine, then the stuffing, and another piece of butter before you sew it up.

ROBIN ADAIR

BRANDY BUTTER

Brandy Butter is not only easy to make but it can be made some days before Christmas, without the slightest fear of deterioration, and I, for one, am all for anything which can be got out of the way before the last-minute rush.

To make it, cream 3 ounces of butter, add 5 ounces of soft brown sugar—not the gritty kind but the softest and darkest you can buy. When both are thoroughly blended, add one small wine glass of brandy, drip by drip, and then scoop the brandy butter into a plain linen icing bag with an ornamental pipe attached. Take a tall stemmed glass dish, and pipe the mixture on to the dish in a pyramid.

When you have finished, stud the sides with split almonds and narrow twigs of angelica, and then mask the whole thing right over and down to the stem with a piece of red cellulose paper.

Gather the paper closely round the stem, tie it with a big, green, satin bow and put it away in a cool place until you put it on the Christmas dinner table.

PHYLLIS CRADOCK

Notes on Contributors

EMIL BRUNNER (page 1071): Professor of Systematic and Practical Theology, Zürich University, since 1924; author of *The Misunderstanding of the Church*, *The Christian Doctrine of Creation and Redemption*, *The Christian Doctrine of God*, etc.

GEORGE PENDLE (page 1073): has just returned from a visit to Argentina on behalf of the B.B.C.; author of *Uruguay, South America's First Welfare State* and *Paraguay: a Riverside Nation*

J. P. NETTL (page 1075): Director of a textile firm

H. J. HABAKKUK (page 1081): Chichele Professor of Economic History, Oxford University, since 1950

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 1083): author of *Freedom of the Parish*, *The Victorians*, *Places of the Mind*, etc.

NORMAN GOODALL (page 1091): Secretary of the Joint Committee of the World Council of Churches and the International Missionary Council

Crossword No. 1,338.

Noel.

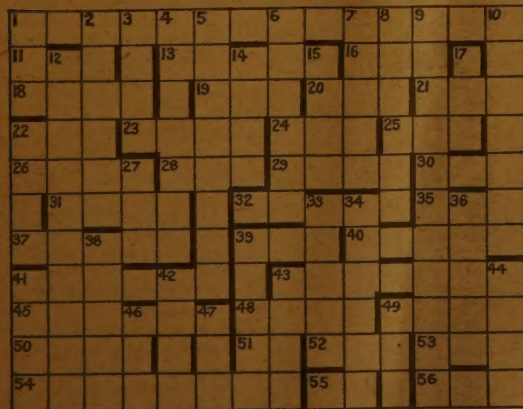
By Joxon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Change change not A.I. change effected in 4D (14)
11. Curious—as this clue undoubtedly is (3)
13. '... most bounteous lady' (5)
16. 'Oh ... prevent them with thy humble ode' (3)
18. 'To Thee ... each of us his lamb will bring, Each his pair of silver' (4)
19. A means of security to give you energy and vigour at Christmas, as at all times (3)
20. 'A mere nothing', played by Scrooge's niece, 'among other 41Ds' (3)
21. May hope for more than crumbs from a Christmas 6D (3)



22. Good old Uncle! (3)
23. Many do after the Christmas dinner (4)
24. 'Time will run back and fetch the — of Gold' (3)
25. Might be full of the Christmas spirit (3)
26. Material Christmas production (4)
28. 'God hath anointed thee with the — of gladness' (3)
29. Happiness: Christmas is the season for it (4)
30. Crib—a manger served for it (3)
31. Not a common Christmas party (4)
32. Don't be at Christmas, though you may be afterwards! (5)
35. 'Cleanse us from — of creed or class' (3)
37. Post—not the one which brings the Christmas cards (5)
39. 51. Most would like to be at Christmas, but it is more blessed to be 39, 55 (5, 5)
40. One of those who 'did prophesy in the camp'; nothing to do with Christmas, though numbers might suggest it (5)
41. 'The shepherds at those —, Rejoiced much in mind' (6)
43. As it is 'a game for two, you'd hardly pick it for a Christmas party' (7)
45. See 49A
48. Crib—a manger wouldn't serve for it (4)
49. 45. Given by Zeus to Amalthaea (10)
50. See 51
51. See 39
- 52R. 56. A present at the New Year (6)
53. 'The most learned of cooks' (3)
54. 50. Given by way of aims—at Christmas? (12)
55. See 39
56. See 52R

CLUES—DOWN

1. Upset Mary Peerybingle (3)
2. Coming Christmas preparation (6)
3. Necessity may arise but not we hope at Christmas (4)
4. Was called 'Old Scratch' in a Christmas story (7)
5. At a Christmas party 'in came Mrs. —, one vast, substantial smile' (8)
6. 'What neat — shall feast us, light and choice of Attic taste?' (6)
7. Airy spirit—not one of those 4D saw (5)
8. Country fare (6)
9. That it is makes the evergreen a valuable Christmas decoration (11)
10. See 36R

12. A Household Word—not one of Dickens'. You must coin the ending (10)
14. Hero asked for his reward 'a good whole holiday'—Christmas Day? (4)
15. 33. Facial decoration of a young Cratchit at a Christmas party (4, 5)
17. A record for a Christmas fire (3)
- 22R. White? At Christmas? No, much later (4)
27. 'The holly branch shone on the old — wall' (3)
33. See 15
34. 'Before the Babe the shepherds bowed on kne' And springs ran — (6)
- 36R. 10. 'In a — December, Too, too happy tree' (5-7)
38. 'The ox and ass and camel Which —' (5)
39. Fruits of time? (5)
41. See 20A (4)
- 42R. At the Christmas 6D this dish will, of course, if possible, be 8D (4)
43. 'Man ... on turkeys —, And Christmas shortens all our days' (4)
- 44R. After a Christmas comes a —, the proverb says (4)
46. This 21 won't have much of a Christmas dinner (3)
47. Others besides Scrooge can see trouble in a door-knocker (3)
49. China tea (3)

Solution of No. 1,336

C	A	T	N	I	P	S	P	R	I	N	G
O	G	R	E	S	S	E	L	A	N	D	E
N	M	A	R	S	Y	E	Y	S	T	E	M
F	I	C	O	U	E	D	O	M	I	N	O
I	N	K	S	E	N	D	P	S	L	O	T
N	O	P	A	L	R	A	T	T	A	T	S
E	R	O	D	I	U	M	S	O	L	A	H
A	P	S	E	T	N	A	M	A	B	B	A
M	O	T	H	E	R	R	A	F	O	L	D
B	E	A	R	D	O	A	T	E	L	E	I
A	T	L	A	S	A	B	L	E	N	D	E
N	E	K	T	O	N	B	O	R	D	E	R

NOTES

Across: 10. (Progress). 12. (Abbevil)l-and-e. 20. Anag. of skin. 22. Three mngs. 24. Slot(h). 47. Necked on. Down: 3. (A)Nero(id). 8. In(=light)+rev. of lit. 11. S(ilver)-yen. 13. Den-O table! 21. (Cru)Sade. 24. Anag. of a sot. 26. Lite(rate). 31. Am-ban. 39. Three mngs. 40. Three mngs. 42. Rev. of sum=Mus. 43. Anag. of sod.

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